THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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LINES

ON THE DEATH OF BELLA Z. SPENCER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY FANNY SHEFFIELD.

Thy beautiful, brave life is ended,
Thy noble heart shall throb no more,
Thy hand hath done its last kind office,
Now memory must thy virtues store.

Many they were, thy name is precious,
Like balm it falleth on the ear;
The dying soldier blessed its music,
And dying, deemed his loved ones near.

Thou stood'st in sorrow's awful presence
All lovely as a white-robed saint;
Never thy heart grew cold to anguish,
Never thy steadfast soul grew faint.

Say, hast thou met in Heaven's fair mansions
All who were comforted by thee?
Earth's weary children and grief-laden,
Whose tear-dimmed eyes no light could see.

With every loving art you guiled them,
And they were cheered upon their way,
Through thee they saw the light immortal,
Waiting for them in one grand day.

Oh! dearest sister of my spirit,
Thy loss no time can lighter make;
But I will mind thy high example,
And do life's duties for thy sake.

So each heroic word and action
Shall make us closer seem akin;
And, darling, though afar I follow,
Some of thy pure strength may I win.

Thus as a star, steadfast and shining,
Thy lovely life shall point the way;
And thy brave words shall be the motto
That on my banner I display.

Oh! many a heart for thee is aching,
From one the shadow ne'er shall lift;
Oh! who could e'er forget thee, darling,
So dowered with every precious gift.

'Twere better to have loved and lost thee,
Than ne'er such bright perfection met;
The thought of thee, a planet holy,
Within his heart's clear heaven is set.

Sweet spirit rest! in climes celestial,
Thy glorious powers shall all expand;
Nothing can limit there, or fetter,
Where seraphs near the Godhead stand.

TWO COUNTRIES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GEORGE JOHNSON.

Two countries are the Head and Heart,—
Two countries lying far apart.

A cold and northern clime is one,
Of ceaseless toil; a land whose sun,

Though bright as summer noon its rays,
Gives but the warmth of winter days.

Its air is chill with thought, and slow
Its level, temperate waters flow.

Warm gushing are the streams that part
That other country of the Heart.

And golden-blue the skies above—
It is the native land of Love.

And though beneath its tender skies
The heated whirlwind often flies,

And passion's torrents foam and swell,
Who in that country would not dwell?

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A NEW SISTER.

Agnes Crawford not only remained at the Priory to comfort the wretched mother all that day, but at Mrs. Newman's earnest entreaty, took up her abode there until after the funeral. Her unselfish goodness, evidenced by a thousand daily acts and words, worked its way into Mrs. Newman's heart, as the continuous falling of the pearl-like waterdrops will eat into the grimmest stone; and well for the widow that it was so. Certain sad truths respecting her dead boy—fiercely combated by her at first, but which, at last, she could not resist—were presently disclosed. Mrs. Newman had to confess to herself that her idol had not been all she had fondly supposed him to be. She was not less devoted to his memory upon that account—what mother could have been?—but the knowledge that her son had sinned, sowed in her this seed of good, that she grew to be less bitter against sinners. There must, she felt, be mercy for them such as she had not dreamt of, since it was needed for her dead boy.

Not a day now passed but Agnes came up from the Brae, and sat an hour or more in the bereaved woman's company. She never stayed to dinner, because she saw that her hostess did not wish that; for, as time grew on, the old habit of saving, of parsimony, not unobservable even during that interregnum of bereavement, resumed its sway over the forlorn widow. Sad as it was, Agnes smiled to see it, for it was a sign that although the heart-wound might not have been healed—and, indeed, could never do so—it was cicatrized. When the poor lady began once more to sniff at her cook, and bully her page, to count the outlets that left her table, and pursue the half-pence in her grocer's book with wrapt attention, it was as healthful a symptom as the return of motion to the limbs of the paralytic. Yet, thanks to the influence of her new friend, she made some struggle against this infirmity of her nature. The first time she felt herself able to walk to church she dropped something more than small silver (of which she always had a great store) into the collection plate; it was not, indeed, a coin of the realm; but it was gold, and had been valued as such by her for many years, and kept in a locked drawer in her cabinet. Mr. Puce called the next day at the Priory with a polite speech about her having made a mistake and given a much more rare and costly gift than a common sovereign; but she only said that she was glad such was the case, and bade him keep it for the good purpose for which it had been intended; it was only right that she should suffer for her carelessness. So Mr. Puce had to give the poor a pound out of his own pocket, and add *per contra* to his collection of curiosities at the Rectory, a Spanish moidore of an inscrutable epoch, and with a large perforation in its middle.

Nay, though the widow's loss bore heavily upon her night and day, she absolutely made use of it to excuse little economies and retrenchments; "now that her dear Jed had been taken from her," this and that were no longer necessary. Perhaps it was partly due to these proceedings (for any new act of thriftiness had always tended that way, as "a good stroke of business" mollifies the city man) that her voice grew softer, her manners more gentle even than before; but something of this was doubtless owing to Agnes. Mrs. Newman's household outgoings for the day having been reduced to a minimum, that lady would welcome the young girl to her breakfast parlor with the sweetest smile, apologizing for not taking her to the more ceremonious apartment upon the ground that the sun spoilt the carpet, for which reason the shutters were kept closed; or, quite as often, as time went on, the widow would walk down to the Brae, and spend "a nice long morning" with Agnes, which was always made to extend over the dinner hour. It fortunately happened that, although she had given orders for that meal to be prepared at her own house, it consisted of cold meat, which will be "just as good to-morrow, my dear, as to-day." This frequent hospitality, so cheerfully and ungrudgingly afforded, and the consequent disappearance of a few items from her own butcher's bill, completed her young hostess's conquest. An individual that is always glad to see and feed one, and who never looks for anything in return, is formed to be a miser's friend; nor was this unhappy woman's perceptions so dull but that she understood the motives which actuated her new ally. She knew that these were pity for her forlorn condition, and the pleasure of returning good for evil.

"It is very kind of you, Agnes Crawford," said she, as they sat together one afternoon in June in the little dining-room of the cottage; for the drawing-room was avoided upon such occasions at the Brae, as it was at the Priory, although for far different reasons. Agnes would not compel her guest to look out upon those sands which had been her son's untimely grave. "It is very kind of you, dear, to let me drop in here, and eat you out of house and home in this manner. I am afraid I am a great expense to you."

"Not very great," returned her hostess, smiling; "you don't eat much more than my pet bird yonder, to whom I give my breakfast crumbs; and if you eat, as you complain that good Mr. Carstairs does—"

"Well, so he does, my dear," interrupted her guest, laying her work down upon her lap, to allow of greater emphasis; "the last time he dined with me—that is, let me see, just nineteen months ago—he eat of every dish, and finished every one. I call it most ungentlemanly. And because there was nothing in two of the silver dishes—put for ornament, my dear, of course—and because there were flowers in the champagne glasses and no champagne—the idea of giving a village doctor champagne!—he was really quite rude."

"Mr. Carstairs is a very good, kind man," said Agnes.

"I don't deny that, my dear; I only say he is a most inordinate eater."

"And I say that you eat like a robin, and are, therefore, no judge," rejoined Agnes, smiling. "As for my expenses here, they are not much more than if I were a doll in a doll's house. Cuba, it seems to me, eats nothing but rice, so that I almost suspect her of being a ghoule; and Mrs. Marcon, I am sure, is the most honest and economical of landladies."

"Ah, well, that is as it may be; everybody seems honest to *you*, dear. You judge people by yourself. And that brings me to the thing which I wanted to say to you. Every day, when I go to my desk, this writing reproaches me—look at it. It is what I wanted you to sign with respect to Mr. Carlyon's will."

"Your brother's will," observed Agnes quietly.

His name had never been mentioned between them since the day of Jedediah's death. Agnes had deemed it injudicious to press that he should be asked to his nephew's funeral; but she did not think it right to pass by his sister's mention of him by his surname.

"Yes, he is my brother, of course; although his conduct has not been brotherly—that is, in this matter," added she, hastily, in answer to the young girl's glance. "I don't say that I did all I could to win him. But as to disinheriting my Jed, that was a shameful thing, and—and—"

"Hush! my dear Mrs. Newman, hush!"

"You don't know what I was going to add," said Mrs. Newman, tremulously, "and yet—I was about to say—with respect to that will, now that I know you, I do not so much wonder at it. That is what I feel bound to confess. He loved you—how could he help it?—better than all else, and he strove to show it. And I can't blame him—that is, not now." Here she paused, thinking of the "might have been," with all its radiant hues, extinct for ever, and the tears rolled down her thin but not uncomely cheeks. "You have not signed it, Agnes, have you, yet?"

"I *will* sign it, dear Mrs. Newman, gladly."

"No, you have not, and you shall not. And what is more, if John, my brother, dies before me, I shall not take this money. He meant it for you, and you shall have it."

Agnes smiled sadly. "What is the use of money to *me*?" asked she.

"Of much use. Of use to everybody, my dear," answered Mrs. Newman, with vehemence: then added, tenderly, "take it; do good with it. Kiss me, Agnes."

She tore up the paper as she spoke, and rising, threw her arms about the young girl's neck. She had overcome, perhaps, the greatest temptation of her life; but the struggle had been severe and long, and she felt the effects of it.

"There, I have done it now," cried she, "and I feel all the happier. If you like to give me anything *out of it*, you know, my dear," added she, cheerfully, "why that is a different thing; you may let me have Woodlees, my old home—for it is not sold, I hear—to live in rent free. But I want everything to be yours to do just as you like with. That's all."

"I hope none of it will ever be mine, Mrs. Newman. I trust Mr. Carlyon may be spared long years—and to God's glory—to possess it. His is a noble life, although it has hitherto been passed in darkness."

"You know his state of health, I suppose, Agnes, and what Mr. Carstairs thinks about him? He heard from him only last week, and he was saying—"

"Oh, yes—yes—do not speak of it. At least, not in that way. I know all."

"I am sorry to have distressed you, my dear."

The two women sat for some time in silence. The hostess stitching at some baby clothes destined to cover some expected little stranger in the parish, for whom there was small welcome; the guest darning an old glove.

"Agnes," said Mrs. Newman, presently, in a very gentle tone, "I have been a hard woman all my life—except to one who is gone—but I am not hard to you. I cannot bear to see these tears. What can I do to comfort you? Nothing? Yes, a little, surely. When I pray to God to-night, I shall pray for somebody else. Not for you, for you do not need my prayers. Can you guess for whom?"

"Yes."

"Mind, I do not mean in my old way, as you are thinking. I shall not thank heaven that I am not like him, unregenerate, wicked, predestined to eternal death; but as one fellow-sinner for another, as a sister for a brother."

"I am, indeed, rejoiced to hear it: at the same time, as a Christian woman, it is only your bounden duty."

"True, but one I have not performed for years. And why shall I do so now, Agnes? Because I really love him? No. Because I honestly wish to be reconciled with him? No; I cannot even say that yet. Why shall I do it, then? Can you guess?"

"For God's sake, I hope, dear Mrs. Newman."

"No: for *your* sake. And why do I say for your sake? You need not answer me, my dear; I know all about it. How very much you forgot when you sought me out and brought me comfort; how very much you forgave, which even if it had been committed against yourself only— There, lean upon me; I am your eldest sister now, since John Carlyon is my brother once again, and you, my poor girl, love him. It is poor comfort that this can bring you, dear. A forlorn woman, vexed with petty cares, is a sad substitute for such a bridegroom; but it is something. The man that made the breach between us two shall henceforward be the link between us. I shall love you all the better and you will, at least, despise me less, Sister Agnes."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

It was night, and Agnes sat alone in her little drawing-room at the Brae. Mrs. Newman had left her hours ago; not long indeed after she had expressed herself in such unexpected terms, with regard to her brother and Agnes. The latter was genuinely glad and grateful that her guest had confessed herself so changed for the better; that her mind was so conciliated, and the bitterness of so many years against her now only relative had been cast out. But so far as Mrs. Newman's demonstrativeness affected Agnes herself, it was no subject for congratulation. She felt humiliated, nay almost ashamed. How had this woman guessed the secret which she had striven so hard to hide even from her own self? By what outward sign had she shown that she loved John Carlyon, when her own heart had been forbidden to whisper it? And yet how she did love him! How sweet it was to hear the poor folks talk of kindly Squire John! How welcome to her was the gratitude that prompted them to tell of his open-handed, generous ways; of his cool courage! With what pleasure she hearkened to their speculations regarding the next comer to Woodlees, always ending as they did, with, "Well he will not be a better gentleman than the young Squire, whoever he be." Better to *them* of course they meant: but was not that something? To have been good to the poor; to have been ready to risk his life for theirs; to have associated with them without one touch of Pride.

His lack of Religion, so far from deteriorating from such virtues, heightened them rather. If, not being a Christian man, he so behaved out of the mere excellence of his own nature, how much the nobler was that nature. How she had treasured the few commonplace phrases of Mr. Carstairs respecting Carlyon's health, listening as though they had no particular attraction for her ears. The good doctor had spoken quite openly about his patient. He had no idea that this girl who, to his own knowledge, had rejected the young Squire, was anything more than "deeply interested," in her discarded suitor. The letters he now and then received from him were not of a private nature, and their contents were freely communicated to whomsoever they might concern. There was always respectful mention of herself and inquiry concerning her well-being; for the rest, a little business and a good deal of gossip composed the whole of these communications.

"He is no better, Miss Agnes," the doctor would observe in answer to her questions, "simply because it is impossible he should get better. You can't stop a hole in your heart as you would a leak. He doesn't mention his health, because he knows this as well as I do. He is leading a gay life, which is the very worst for a man in his situation to lead, and I am surprised that he has lasted so long. If I had known he was going to racket about in London, I would not have given him so long as a year to live; and I should not be the least surprised if my prophecy come true yet. The Ides of June have come, but they have not yet gone."

To all this Agnes had listened with a grave but quiet face, and without revealing the torture of her heart. Successful in this, she had deemed concealment was easy under all less crucial tests. And yet this woman—to whom she had never since their intimacy breathed Carlyon's name, in whose presence she had studiously avoided speaking of him, although from fear of such a consequence—had guessed the secret of her love. Agnes, though not insensible to Mrs. Newman's good intentions, was far from thanking her for this. Henceforward then the sweet solace of an unshared sorrow—for there are sorrows as well as joys wherein no stranger may intermeddle, and with which even a friend's sympathy is intolerable—was to be denied her. How far too might not this discovery extend? Would vulgar eyes begin to watch her with unwelcome pity, vulgar tongues to utter words of thankless comfort? It seemed hard that, though unrepining, she should not be permitted to bear her cross alone; yet she was far from repining even now.

God knew what was best for her as for everybody. Perhaps it was to show the powerful temptation of worldly love that it was decreed she should be held up as an example of a Christian woman whose heart was given to a godless man: for it *had* been given, that was certain, and was John Carlyon's still. Her very being seemed to confess it when the life-blood rushed to her cheeks, as though in protest against such a reflection as she had just made.

Carlyon Godless? Impossible! God had suffered him to revolt for a while, but would presently beckon to him with forgiving finger. That was all. Presently? It must be very soon then. It is impossible to describe in words the mental agony which that last thought engendered. We grieve, we weep, all hope and health seem to depart from us, because our loved one has died, and has left us for ever. That one dread sentence, "He is Dead!" seems to comprehend in it the death of all that makes our life enjoyable, nay bearable. But how much more terrible to the truly religious soul is the fear—nay the conviction—that our departed brother is not only Dead, but Lost.

The narrow-minded foolish folk who make up those spiritual cliques and coteries which do their very best to draw Religion into contempt, under pretence of fostering and protecting it, feel nothing of this. In their heart of hearts they either do not, for the most part, believe the fearful dogmas they enunciate, or they do not realise the effect of them. Otherwise, being men and not fiends, the sense of the eternal condemnation of the majority of their friends and acquaintances (of which they affect to be convinced) would be ever present with them; it would take away their appetites (which it certainly does *not*), would destroy their sleep, would thrust itself between them and even the most innocent pleasure; they would never cease, like Solomon Eagle, from crying "Woe, woe!" As to the few who do realize what must happen if their creed be true, and yet have learnt to regard it with calmness if not satisfaction; the human wheat who are not disturbed by the doom of the tares growing up around them; who say quietly, "They will burn but we shall be in the garner"—let them beware, lest instead of being the Elect, their cruel feet are set on the very road to Perdition. Very literally they apply the homely saw,

Of all our mother's children we love ourselves the best,
As long as we're provided for, the Devil take the rest.

But it is doubtful if their selfish complacency will be rewarded exactly as they expect.

Agnes Crawford's religion was not of this sort. She believed and trembled, but it was for others, not for herself; and for the man she loved, above all. As in some frightful nightmare we sometimes see one very dear to us blindly walking towards the brink of a sheer precipice, yet cannot raise hand or voice to warn him, so Agnes beheld the coming doom of John Carlyon. It was rarely out of her thoughts, and shadowed them, even when unrecognizable there, with habitual and deepening gloom. She was thinking of it now, as she sat by the open window in the summer night, looking forth upon the fast filling bay. There was no moon, and the sky was islanded with many a cloud, but by the dim starlight she could see the sweep and swirl of every white-lipped wave, as it licked up the sands. What hope there was for any tide-caught traveller twixt where she sat and yonder hidden shore, so little and no more was for John Carlyon dying in his stubborn pride. Upon one yet uncovered spot, not many yards from land, stood up some object bare and tall; the mast of a fishing vessel, the hull of which was already buried in the quicksand beneath; to not less certain—perhaps to scarce less speedy doom—was John Carlyon doomed. Across the sea and through the misty veil that hung above it, flashed down on land and wave the revolving Pharos light; now hid now seen; it was placed there for man's guidance and salvation; but if one were so blind or wilful as not to heed it, but steer right on into the gaping jaws of Death?

All things she saw supplied the unhappy girl with images of her beloved one's ruin. The wave sighed at her feet, the night wind wailed above her in unison with her own sad thoughts. Even now while she was thinking of him, praying for him, he might be dead and—

"Agnes!"

The chill of fear seized all her frame, relaxed and enervated with sorrow, and froze it so that every limb grew rigid. She could not have stirred a finger to save her life. What was that voice, unlike to any that she knew, that had murmured her own name, close by her, in the very room? No thought of danger—of physical peril crossed her mind; she was terror-stricken with a nameless awe. Was it then true, as some good Christian folks had averred, that the spirits of the departed are sometimes permitted to return to earth and reveal their fearful doom to those they have left behind them? Was John Carlyon speaking to her, but not in the flesh? What was this cold current sweeping over her, that made her shiver so,

as the air of the vault did where they had laid her father months ago?

"Agnes!"

She knew the speaker now; yet her terror did not abate, but was exchanged for apprehensions of a different sort. The current she felt was the draught of air caused by the unheard opening of the door behind her. Her midnight visitor was one of flesh and blood; yet scarcely to be dreaded less than a spectre. How had he gained admittance to the cottage without her knowledge? And how had he dared to present himself, unannounced, at such an hour?

The voice was Richard Crawford's voice, but with a difference. Even when she recognized it as her cousin's, she could not fail to mark that. Why did he stand yonder motionless—an undefined shadow—and not greet her, if self-conscious of no harm after so long an absence? What could this sudden visit mean, paid to her in her solitude, at midnight, by one that had parted from her with such studious respectful mien and words? One answer only could be given to such a question, and her fluttering heart returned it, in many a hasty beat—"This man is mad!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVE'R 2, 1867.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

NONSENSE.

Some one recently said of the New York Constitutional Convention, that its members were generally remarkable for their talents—all they wanted was a little sense.

We know not how true this statement is, but we do know that there are a great many of just that kind of men and women about in these our days—writing editorials, trying to govern states, and making speeches and fools of themselves.

One of these talented gentlemen, for instance, will get something or another "on the brain"—and then let the world look out. He can see nothing but his particular hobby—all the good in the world comes from conforming to that hobby, all the evil from not conforming to it.

Recently a person somewhat of this stamp, a gushing gentleman of the name of Tiltover, in commenting upon the foolish extravagance of certain ladies, added, in substance, "Ah, how can we wonder at this, when we deny them the right to vote? give them the suffrage, and things will be very different."

We often of late see comments of this kind going the rounds of the press, and we propose to win the thanks of the "woman's rights' societies," by adding to the number of such effusions—trusting that all sympathizing editors who copy them, will give due credit to THE POST.

Last Thursday morning, about ten o'clock, one of our most respectable ladies, walking along Arch street, caught her crinoline on the scraper attached to a door-step. The consequence was she tripped, and was flung violently to the ground, injuring a little child severely in her fall. How long will a demented community refuse the right of voting to our sisters, in view of such tragical occurrences!

We regret to say that the wife of our esteemed fellow citizen, Dr. Blazes, was severely burned last Tuesday evening, owing to her skirts catching fire from the low-down grate. This is another proof of the evil that results from denying to woman her inalienable right of suffrage. Had Mrs. Blazes been out attending a ward or county meeting, instead of being in her parlor (where old-fogies seem to think a lady should be of an evening) this shocking catastrophe would never have taken place.

Talking with a circle of ladies the other evening, they all united in lamentations upon the wretched character of their Irish and negro servant girls, whose ignorance and want of cleanliness, they said, scarcely could be endured. "There is only one help for this, ladies," a distinguished lady orator (Miss D——) at once broke in—"give these ignorant girls the right to vote, and they will at once become different beings. By going out frequently to ward meetings, and mixing with the intelligent gentlemen who always frequent those assemblages, they will speedily become intelligent and cleanly, and be able to cook and do general housework in the most efficient manner." The ladies were all struck dumb by the weight and profundity of these remarks, but afterwards admitted that the only way to make Judy and Dinah good cooks, was to give them the right of suffrage.

A progressive friend of ours recently called upon a lady whom she had not seen for many years. She found her with two babies (twins) in her arms, with six or seven other children (the oldest not over twelve years of age) around her, and no help in the kitchen. No wonder that this poor mother owned herself to be fatigued and care-worn. "But what am I to do?" said she. "The children must be cared for—and it seems next to impossible to get any one worth having to assist me." Our progressive friend at once laid before her the new avenue which was opening for woman. Showed her how all her heavy burdens were to be lightened by giving her the right of voting and being voted for, with the inestimable privilege of attending political meetings, and studying up political questions. The poor, care-worn mother could hardly realize such good tidings. Her heavy-heartedness at once disappeared. She saw at once what a boon and relief it would be, to leave the twins with the other children and the cookery to take care of each other, while she put on her best things and her bonnet, and went off to discharge the duties of a free and independent electress. We may add that her subscription to three of the leading publications devoted to the emancipation of woman, was paid down on the spot. Ah, who can sufficiently bless those progressive spirits, who first conceived this wonderful means of alleviating all the pains and sufferings to which the gentler sex is liable!

But we must conclude. We can furnish another supply of the same sort, when these are exhausted by the advocates of female suffrage. That the suffrage will do all that we have said, and even more, to benefit woman, must be true, for we all know what a wonderful effect for good it has upon the men.

No man dresses extravagantly, or flings away his money on cigars, fast horses, gambling, &c. Why not? Because he has the right to vote.

No man drinks more than is good for him, or loiters about taverns, or behaves in any way improperly. Because he has the right to vote.

No man is ever poor, or out of employment. Because he has the right to vote.

No man is ignorant or frivolous. Because he has the right to vote.

No man is so overloaded with care, and weighed down with trouble, that he finds his life a burden. Because he has the right to vote.

No man has to submit to laws which he thinks unfair and unjust. Because he has the right to vote.

No man is just as much of a fool now as he was twenty years ago. Because he has the right to vote.

No man ever tumbles off a ladder and breaks his neck, or is blown up by a steam-boiler; or is drowned, shot, or murdered. Because he has the right to vote.

In one word, men are exempt from all the poverty, weakness, pain, ignorance, and suffering of this world, because they have the right to vote—and women only require the right to vote, to be equally intelligent, happy, accomplished, wealthy and universally prosperous.

As we began this article, so we now say at its close—Nonsense!

THE ITALIAN DIFFICULTY.

While we sympathize with the Italian people in their desire to unite Rome with the rest of the peninsula, we either do not understand the facts of the case, or else must consider Garibaldi and the "Party of Action" very greatly to blame in their recent movements.

For what are the facts? If we correctly apprehend them, three years ago Rome and the Pope were under the protection of a French army. This was displeasing to the Italians, and they therefore, through their government, which at that time was in high favor with them, made an agreement with France on the 15th of September, 1864, in the following terms:—

Article 1. Italy binds herself not to attack the actual territory of the Holy Father; and to prevent, even by force, every attack coming from the interior against the said territory.

Article 2. France will withdraw her troops from the Pontifical states by degrees, and in proportion as the army of the Holy Father shall be organized. The evacuation shall nevertheless be complete within the period of two years.

Article 3. The Italian government will make no complaint against the organization of a Papal army, composed even of foreign Catholic volunteers, sufficient to maintain the authority of the Holy Father, and tranquillity both in the interior and on the frontier of the states—provided that this force shall not become a means of attack against the Italian government.

Article 4. Italy declares herself ready to enter into an arrangement to charge herself with a proportionate part of the debt of the former states of the Church.

Article 5. The present convention shall be ratified, and the ratifications exchanged in the course of fifteen days, or sooner if possible.

Now it seems to us that the observance of solemn treaties, is just as much the duty of the Italians as of any other people. The Italian government, acting for the people of Italy, having pledged itself to defend Rome from the attacks of its own restless citizens, as a return for the withdrawal of the French troops, is bound in honor to fulfil its pledge; and the Italian people are equally bound in honor to support their government in doing so.

It seems to us that a nation that values Rome more than the observance of its solemn pledges, will find it difficult to carry on long any kind of a government. And much as we admire the disinterested and gallant spirit of Garibaldi, we must confess that this movement on Rome shakes our faith in him as a suitable leader for the Italian people. We are afraid he is simply one of those fanatical spirits, who, possessed by some one idea, is willing to sacrifice all other interests, and all other considerations, to attain his worshipped end. This is not the kind of stuff that the great leaders of mankind are made of.

But perhaps the facts are different—perhaps there is something we do not know that would qualify the binding obligation of the above treaty—if so we should like some of the American panegyrists of the Italian "party of action," to descend a little while from their eulogistic stilts, and in plain and simple phrase acquaint us with it.

CONTENT VERSUS DISCONTENT.

The virtue and happiness arising from a contented mind has been the theme of poets and philosophers in all ages, and the contented man seems to have been always regarded as a person most worthy of imitation; but we have never heard a word said in favor of that most abused individual—the discontented man; surely the good cannot all be on one side, let us look into the question a little and see.

In the first place the contented man is generally good-natured and smiling; he is satisfied with his lot in this world, and even if everything is not running on exactly to his way of thinking, he does not bother himself much about it. If the cars do rattle some and are badly ventilated, if the gas he burns is poor, and the water he drinks not first rate, he will most likely say, "What is the use of making a fuss, or trying to remedy these trifles; we cannot expect to have everything just as we want it in this world; of course we must suffer some inconveniences; I am sure we are a great deal better off than our forefathers, and I think we ought to be thankful to have things as they are; I, for one, am very well satisfied."

But in the case of the discontented man it is quite different. He is not "very well satisfied," nor is he "thankful to have things as good as they are," but, on the contrary, if affairs get to be managed badly, and he thinks there is room for improvement, he will, very probably, "kick up a row" as the saying is, and if he belongs to the better class of discontented persons he will try to remedy the difficulty.

If he should have any faculty for invention, he may, in some cases, as in that of an ill-ventilated car, set to work and himself devise some means of preventing the nuisance. But even if he does nothing except make a "tremendous fuss," a great deal of good will most likely ensue from it; for there are some classes of people in this world who will always impose on their fellow-men whenever they can get a chance, and the only way to stop it is by acting in the above manner.

We see from this that a great deal more rascality and imposition would be carried on if there were no discontented men; but what is of far more consequence, the world would make comparatively very slow progress in everything without this important class of society.

Suppose our forefathers had been satisfied to have things as they were; satisfied to be jolted about in old stage-coaches, to live in poorly lighted houses, and to suffer numerous other discomforts; does any one think we should now be enjoying one half of the many conveniences we do?

But happily there were then, as there are now, a class of persons who are very seldom satisfied with the state of affairs; who are continually finding room for improvement; and to this class most of the inventions in all times have been due.

Of course we do not wish to prove that all discontented men are useful, and that all contented ones are not; but merely to show that the good is not entirely on one side, and that the discontented man has his part to perform in the world, as well as his more agreeable brother.

FINE WRITING.—The English newspaper correspondents quite equal some of our American ones in fine writing—what we call in this country "high-faluting"—as witness the following from an English periodical:—

"A pheasant—a goodly, and a beautiful sight it is to see the spangled exotic of our woods come crashing down into the hazels or the ferns, like the broken end of a rainbow, or a piece of damaged jewelry, while the echo of the shot rings through the autumn woods."

The man who did that, sent to a watering place, no doubt could do even better in describing the dresses and jewelry of the ladies.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. By CHARLES DICKENS. People's Edition. With Illustrations by John McLenan. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada. This edition of the "Tale of Two Cities" is the third volume of an entire new edition of Charles Dickens's works, now in course of publication by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, which is called "*The People's Edition, Illustrated.*" "Each volume will be printed on fine white paper, from large, clear type, leaded, Long Primer in size, that all can read, uniform with the type in this volume, and be illustrated with twelve original illustrations, bound in cloth, and sold at $1.50 a volume."

HAND-BOOK OF PRACTICAL COOKERY, for Ladies and Professional Cooks. Containing the Whole Science and Art of Preparing Food. By PIERRE BLOT, Prof. of Gastronomy, and Founder of the New York Cooking Academy. "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Chestnut street, Philada.

MODERN PALMISTRY; OR, THE BOOK OF THE HAND. Chiefly According to the Systems of D'Arpentigny and Desbarrolles. With some Account of the Gipsies. By A. R. CRAIG, M. A., author of "The Philosophy of Training," &c. With Illustrations. All who wish to know the secrets of fate, as determined by the lines of the palm, should read this volume. Here we have it all laid down—the smoothness or crookedness of life, whether we shall be married, prosperous and wealthy, or the reverse. It is written on the palm, and one only needs to know how to interpret the oracles; which are apt to be sufficiently ambiguous to allow a pretty wide margin for guesswork. Published by the American News Company, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

NAPOLEON AND THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA. An Historical Novel. By L. MUHLBACH, author of "Marie Antoinette," &c. Translated from the German by F. Jordan. Illustrated. These novels by Mrs. Muhlbach are said to be very entertaining, but not very reliable so far as their historical accuracy is concerned. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by George W. Pitcher, Philada.

LEYTON HALL. By MARK LEMON, author of "Loved at Last," &c., and editor of "The London Punch." Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros. Price 75 cents.

A NEW MAGAZINE. We understand that a new "first class magazine, devoted to Literature, Science and Education," somewhat of the style of the "Atlantic Monthly," is to be issued in January next by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city. It will be styled "Lippincott's New Monthly Magazine."

☞ A person was accused of "assault and battery" in the Quarter Sessions of this city recently. The accused had a mirror, which being turned with the strong reflection of the sun upon the face of a lady at some distance, who was looking out of a window, thereby caused her pain by the effect of the sun's rays upon her eyes. The jury found the defendant guilty.

☞ It is much to be regretted that the process of rendering the materials of ladies' muslin dresses uninflammable is not more generally understood and used. Either of three substances—phosphate of ammonia, tungstate of soda, and sulphate of ammonia—can be mixed in the starch, and, at the cost of two cents a dress, deaths from burned garments can be rendered impossible. Articles of apparel subjected to those agents can, if they burn at all, only smoulder; and in no case can they blaze up in the sudden and terrible manner in which so many fatal accidents have occurred to the fair wearers of crinoline.

☞ A widow in Kentucky recently went to seek two of her children who had strayed away, and found them killed by a rattle-snake. Returning, she found her remaining child drowned in a washtub.

☞ The Universal Peace Society met recently at Boston. Most of the *Universal Peace* men are in favor of the *Military Reconstruction Bill.*

OVER SEA.

IMPERIAL HOTEL, DUBLIN,
October 9th, 1867.

MY DEAR POST—It is the dreariest of days, and the heavens without are weeping in more than even their usual lachrymose wont—so being deprived of my morning constitutional, I fly for relief to my pen and you. You know we sailed from New York, in the Persia, on the 18th of September. There were only thirty-two passengers (including nine in the second cabin,) among whom was a noted actress, the Leah of Gotham celebrity, who, however spicy she may be on the stage, as I myself can testify, is exceedingly poky upon deck. The officers of the Persia are exceedingly pleasant, gentlemanly and talkative, but the captain looks like a jolly masker, and the purser is perpetually "washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water"—and another has about him a flavor of weak tea, or mild cheese, or anything else equally innocent and insipid. The weather during the first few days was lovely—the sea, vast and vague, rose and fell in gentle undulations, and melted away against the horizon's verge. But on Monday noon there came up what the sailors called a "bit of a blow"—sufficiently akin to a storm, however, for me to desire no further acquaintance with. The decks were drenched, and the vessel pitched from side to side in a manner peculiarly aggravating. I lay in my berth the whole of one day, sublimely indifferent to mundane affairs, except when solicitous friends sent me hideous compounds, such as fried oysters, chicken salad and the like, which set me to gasping perilously.

Home-sick and sea-sick there were few sweeter sights than the long, low line of hills that crown the coast of old Ireland, and a little later, to be "steady and still on the solid land," seemed very comforting. After going through a farce of having our trunks examined by plethoric, beef-eating, whiskey-drinking custom house officers, we landed at Queenstown about noon on Friday.

I thought at first I should laugh for a week, everything seemed so novel and antiquated. The quay was lined with a motley group of pompous police officers; old crones, with the cleanest of frilled caps and the raggedest of long cloaks; who held out a square yard or so of lace handkerchief, and pathetically begged you to "buy mum, for the love of heaven"—young women, men and children, miserable, unwashed, unkempt. Then and there we were attacked by beggars, from which epidemic we have not yet recovered. Queenstown is beautifully situated on Cork Harbor. It is a city set on a hill, and the streets rise one above another, terrace upon terrace, with everywhere a broad outlook on the bay, on British men-of-war lying peacefully at their moorings, and fierce, grandiloquent little tugs that steam in and out perpetually. The houses are mostly built in the Elizabethean style, of a light gray stone, occasionally of white marble. We stayed for one night at the Queen's Hotel, where a melancholy functionary, in customary suit of solemn black, attended to our orders, when he felt like it, and let us severely alone when he didn't—most generally the latter. The next day we left for the Lakes of Killarney—on the way there, five miles out of Cork, is Blarney Castle, celebrated for a stone which crowns one of its towers, and the kissing of which is supposed to give one the power of cajoling most successfully. Now I wanted to see that Castle—I wiped my eyeglasses, and carefully adjusted them on the bridge of my nose, and gazed patiently, but in vain. I *did* see the hollow which enclosed it, and the trees which surrounded it, but alas! the gray stone of which it is built was invisible to my longing ken.

At Killarney we stopped at the Royal Victoria, from the drawing room windows of which is obtained a lovely view of the lower lake, the island of Innisfallen, and a range of low lying mist covered hills beyond. Now, how on earth am I to describe to you the wonders of that charming, echoing, fascinating, romantic region of mountain, lake and valley? I have invoked the aid of a French dictionary, which stares up at me quite stupidly, as if wondering what it can do; and Longfellow, Florence Percy, Aldrich, and Miss Mulock lie about in picturesque confusion, ready to give any aid in their power to my dazed intellects. But I am sure that Ouiscau was never at Killarney, and that neither of the above mentioned poets could by any possibility have entered its sacred limits, or I should find somewhere in the little blue and gold, and green and gold, and brown and gold volumes, some such headings as, "Lines on Hearing Paddy Blake's Echo"—"Ode to Innisfallen"—"Thanksgiving Hymn—written after safely passing through the rapids under Weir Bridge"—"Stanzas to the raw-boned Rosinante which bore me safely up the precipitous ascent of the Gap of Dunloe, unconscious of the cannon which thundered at its side, threatening destruction to each equestrian." N. B.—Said cannon being used for no more sanguinary purpose than to wake the slumbering echoes on the mountain sides—

No, no, I shall have to fall back upon myself, so *To commence.* We left the hotel one sunny morning, and rode eleven miles in a jaunting car—a very peculiar vehicle by the way, entirely open, in which you sit back to back, instead of vis-a-vis, and clutch your neighbor frantically at sharp corners. To the left of us we caught sunny glimpses of the lakes, with the mountains rising steeply from the water's edge—to the right were barren stubble fields, hedged with a prickly growth of whins, and starred with golden broom or purple heather. Farther on were the game preserves of an adjacent nobleman—the picturesque, vine-covered porter's lodge of his estate—a church with a cross on its summit—and in the road, poor Paddy driving his squealing and inevitable pig. Here and there were squalid, straw thatched huts, with their ragged, barefoot tenants peering curiously from the low doorway; and where our farmers' wood piles rise, were cubes of peat from the neighboring bog. A young Englishman of our party, hearing my desire to obtain a specimen of Irish heather, offered a penny to any of a group of juvenile tawny haired beggars who should first obtain it—instantly half a dozen sprang to the search, and fought and scrambled over the promised coin, and pursued the car like a pack of wolves, gathering strength at every step—begging pennies to buy books—or, as one urchin expressed it, "just for the fun of it." In vain the gentlemen threw coppers till they were copperless—still the yellow haired pack pursued, panting, breathless, but undaunted. Decorous John Bull bore it patiently for some miles, and then, muttering something under his breath, which sounded monstrously like a little wicked word, ordered one of the guides to drive them back with his whip—and, tender-hearted still, not to hurt them.

At the entrance of the Gap of Dunloe is the cottage of Kate Kearney, a beauty whose fame has spread far and wide. A granddaughter of the belle, aged, frilled and freckled, showed her placid face to request us to take a drop of the Mountain Dew (Irish whiskey, distilled in lawless obscurity in the darkest recesses of adjacent valleys, where no prowling government agent can penetrate,) or a sup of goat's milk, for which one is expected to pay fabulous amounts. Again we were attacked, this time by sellers of bog-oak ornaments, venders of lace collars and the like, who pursued us with importunate entreaties, who bothered and perplexed and harassed us, who appeared in the wildest spots and at the most unexpected moments, who came between us and our best thoughts and most brilliant comments, until disgust of the fawning, persistent, uncouth peasantry reigned supreme, and almost blotted out even the fair, wild, breezy landscape.

At the entrance of the Gap, horses awaited us, and mounted on these, with a guide at every bridle, we rode on, over stony and precipitous paths, with the Purple Mountain on one side and McGillicuddy Reeks on the other, past Serpent Lake, into whose dark, silent waters St. Patrick banished the last reptile from the Emerald Isle—through the Comme Dhuo or Black Valley, desolate and wild, with over all the most splendid fluctuations of light and shadow. Here the sound of a cannon thundered and reverberated and died in distant murmurs—there a blind fiddler evoked sweet, tremulous echoes, that rose and fell and fainted, until they sounded like the mocking laughter of distant brownies or the songs of elves.

At the Upper Lake a boat awaited us, and seating ourselves in it, we slipped through the gloaming, past the frowning crags of Eagle's Nest—the foaming waters under Weir Bridge—Ross Castle, and the Abbey of Innisfallen—through the sweetest and most exquisite views of hills and sunset-dyed currents—down the three lakes—home.

The ride from Killarney to Dublin, a distance of an hundred and seventy-seven miles, is stale, flat and unprofitable. Arrived here we were entertained in dreary splendor at the Shelbourne Hotel for one night, slept under the same roof with five lords and ladies, and came to the Imperial the next morning in disgust. Lower Sackville street, on which the hotel is situated, is the Broadway of the place—wider—quite as bustling, and infinitely less stylish. The Liffey flows just above us, a narrow, turbid, sluggish stream, embanked like a canal, and crossed by seven bridges. I am impressed by three things here. The meanness of the horse flesh; large barouches, landaus and clarences being drawn by one horse, and that a hack which a New York cabman would sniff at. The perfectly-fitting kid gloves worn by the shabbiest of people—this is accounted for by a visit to Supplee's, where I rested my hands on a cushion, and was duly fitted with Jouaux' best, at the rate of eighty-seven and a half cents a pair. Surely Dublin is Paradise Regained, and its crowning happiness, gloves which do not entail bankruptcy over every half dozen pair.

Lastly, I am impressed with the infinitesimal forms into which butter is moulded. You ask for the saltless golden article—and the dress-coated, white-cravatted, white-gloved pomposity, yclept waiter, hands you a bowl, in which you discover half a dozen beautifully stamped, nutmeg-sized nuggets. You stab one with a fork in waiting, and discover presently that it will cover about one-third of your slice of bread. You spread that much and eat it meekly, venturing after a while, to say in persuasive, dulcet tones, "Butter, if you please." The white-gloved pomposity looks injured, but hands you the bowl, from which you endeavor, guiltily, to extract two lumps. Your intention is discovered, and frustrated, while outraged innocence frowns above you in a way which effectually prevents any further demonstration, as you moodily munch the butterless remainder. In justice let me say that I do not think my tormentor's motives were mean or unworthy, but simply arose from a sense of what is dignified and becoming.

In conclusion, be it known, that the ladies of Dublin trail their skirts on moist sidewalks, or elevate them in awkward loops—that the waterfalls rest upon their necks in a state of deplorable humble-mindedness—that their faces are broad, and their noses snub, and themselves guys.

The gentlemen cultivate Dundreary whiskers—wear the tightest of unmentionables, and the most stylish of shooting jackets—and altogether demean themselves in a manner which would bring down upon them an avalanche of flattering epithets in American drawing-rooms.

And now, dear Post, if you are not tired of me, I am *of you*, so for the present, au revoir. HATTIE.

CURIOUS INVENTION.—The Norwegian automatic cooking apparatus is among the attractions at the Paris Exhibition. It is said that by this machine, meat and other food, after having been boiled for five minutes, may be cooked completely in three hours, without artificial heat of any kind. The apparatus consists of a box lined with non-conducting materials, and two tin cases, in which the food to be cooked is placed, boiled for five minutes over a gas or other stove, and then inserted in the box and hermetically shut in with a cover also lined with isolating substances. When the box is opened three hours afterwards the contents are found completely cooked, without any care or attention having been needed. The box may be moved about, carried by hand or otherwise, during the operation.

☞ At the late election in Lower Canada, a Mr. La Francois, who was a candidate for the Provincial Legislature, was offered $400 to retire from the canvass, which he declined. He was afterwards forcibly abducted and carried off, so that he could not be present at the nomination until after his competitor was declared elected.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Political News.

MARYLAND.—At the municipal and judicial election in Baltimore the entire Democratic ticket was elected, the majority for the Democratic candidate for Mayor being 13,568.

TENNESSEE.—Gov. Brownlow has been elected U. S. Senator by 24 majority on joint ballot. He will take his seat in 1869.

VIRGINIA.—It is reported as certain that the state votes in favor of a convention, and that the convention will be Radical by twenty-one majority. Richmond has elected the following Radicals, after a three days' contest: Hunnicutt, Judge Underwood and two colored men. The vote was as follows: For a convention, 145 white and 1,184 colored; against a convention, 4,712 white and 11 colored; majority for the convention, 606; majority for the Radical ticket in the whole city, 438. The contest through the state seems to have been almost strictly a contest between the white and negro voters. The negroes mobbed several of their race who voted the Conservative ticket in Richmond, but the police and soldiers protected them. There are 13 negroes among the Radical delegates.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The opposition to the convention is increasing, but a majority will probably vote in favor of it. Very few negro delegates have been elected in this state, the whites having a majority of about 25,000, and the Conservatives will, it is said, control that body.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The official majority for Judge Sharswood (Dem.) is 922.

OHIO.—According to the official returns it appears that the majority for Hayes, Republican, for Governor, is 2,911. Hayes, R., received 343,121 votes, and Thurman, D., 340,210 votes, a total vote of 683,331. Last year the Republicans polled 256,322 votes, and the Democrats 213,606, a Republican majority of 42,696. By a comparison it appears that the Republican vote has decreased 13,181, the Democratic vote has increased 26,604; the Republican majority has decreased 39,785, and the total vote of the state has increased 23,423; and is the largest vote ever polled in the state. The vote upon the negro suffrage amendment to the State Constitution is not yet officially announced.

IOWA.—The returns from Iowa indicate that a larger popular vote was polled this year than at any previous election. From the reported majorities in the various counties, about one-half of them being official, it appears that the vote for Governor was, for Merrill, R., 86,963, and for Mason, D., 62,976, a Republican majority of 23,987. Last year the Republican majority was 35,412. The total vote this year is 149,939, last year it was 147,042.

INDIANA.—We have returns from thirty-five counties, by which it appears that the Democratic gain this year is 11,610, as compared with the majorities in the same counties last year. The Democratic organs in the state claim a majority for their party on the popular vote at the recent election, some of them claiming as high as 14,000 majority. The Republican majority at the election last year was 14,202. None but local officers, however, were elected this year, so that the relative gains and losses do not materially affect the political situation; and besides the majorities may be made to vary according as to what vote is taken.

MONTANA.—In Montana the election for Delegate to Congress is officially reported to have resulted in 6,004 votes for Cavanaugh, D., and 4,896 for Saunders, R., a Democratic majority of 1,108.

LOUISIANA AND ALABAMA.—The official reports of the Southern registration elections in Louisiana and Alabama have been received. In Louisiana there were 79,486 negroes and 42,370 whites registered, and at the election for a Convention 75,400 votes were cast, nearly all being in favor of the Convention. In Alabama, out of 160,289 registered voters, 87,672 voted in favor of a Convention and 5,685 against it.

CALIFORNIA.—Returns from thirty-four counties make the success of Sprague and Fitzgerald (Democrats) certain.

WEST VIRGINIA.—The returns show large Democratic gains, but the state has probably gone Republican by a reduced majority. Last year the vote was, Republicans 23,802, Democrats 17,158; Republican majority 6,644.

THE PLAINS.—The Indian war is probably ended. It is announced that the Peace Commissioners have concluded treaties with nearly all the tribes.

Foreign Intelligence.

ITALY.—The Italian government seems to have submitted to the demands of France, though it is stated that Menotti Garibaldi is still in the field, and that General Garibaldi has once more escaped from Caprera. The latter has issued another proclamation, which adds to the prevailing excitement. He exhorts the people of Italy to persevere in their patriotic struggle, and bids them hope that the national honor may yet be redeemed.

It is reported that Napoleon has requested the European Powers to unite with France in a general conference for the settlement of the Roman question, and to prevent the recurrence of the recent events in Italy.

A rising was attempted on the 22d in Rome. A mine was exploded under the barracks of the Zouaves, but no lives were lost. The rising was suppressed, and all is now quiet. At the last accounts, Garibaldi was at Rieti, a town not far from the Papal frontier and forty-two miles from Rome.

FLORENCE, Oct. 26, noon.—Garibaldi is marching on Rome in two columns, and is now at Monte Retondi, in sight of the city. The Papal troops have retired, fighting desperately. The city of Rome is in a state of siege. The Garibaldians have retaken Bagnarea.

RUSSIA.—The treaty with the United States for the sale of the Russian possessions has been ratified by Russia.

MEXICO.—The Mexican Presidential election has resulted in the success of Benito Juarez. Diaz was the only opposing candidate, and the state of Vera Cruz cast its electoral vote for him, though the other states all united in supporting Juarez. Diaz was not a willing opponent of Juarez, as he preferred his present position of General-in-chief of the army to the Presidency. It certainly gives him quite as much power, and he does not run the risk of dethronement. The Mexican election was conducted peaceably, and its history may be summed up in a few words. Juarez did not wish to be President; he prevailed upon the army to coax him to be a candidate; the army prevailed upon the people to vote for him; and he was elected.

HAYTI.—The last insurrection, that of the Cacos, has been suppressed by Salnave, who has issued a proclamation, congratulating the Haytions upon the return of peace; and the world is now ready to hear of a new rebellion.

Mushrooms.

People in this country generally look upon mushrooms as a sort of luxury, and not as an actual article of food. The inhabitants of Italy, France, Germany and Russia use large quantities of various species rejected by us as articles of food. Indeed, fungi not only constitute for weeks together the sole diet of thousands, but the residue, either fresh or dried, is variously preserved in oil, vinegar, or brine, and sold to the poor. In the Italian market, which is perhaps more largely supplied than many other with fungi, there is a regular inspector, whose business it is to look over the various lots brought into the market, and if any species or specimens of a poisonous nature are detected they are destroyed. Now, curious enough, the one we so highly prize, the common mushroom, *Agaricus campestris*, is by the Italians considered unwholesome, and is consequently rejected by them. There are upwards of thirty species indigenous to this country, that might be used as articles of food, but great caution must be used by those who gather them not to pick the doubtful ones. Although, generally speaking, there is but one species brought to our markets. Another may frequently be seen gathered with them. This generally grows to a much larger size, is not so tender, and has always a yellowish tinge on the top of the pileus or cap. This is *Agaricus exquisitus*, or Georgi; notwithstanding its name, denoting its exquisite flavor, it is by far inferior to *campestris* and its varieties. This *Agaricus exquisitus* is largely used for making catsup; it grows in the salt marshes in the eastern counties in enormous quantities. As a nutritious article of food, the mushroom, perhaps, yields to none of the higher forms of the vegetable kingdom. It is next in importance to butcher's meat. And curious enough, and which is indeed almost an anomaly, mushrooms breathe or give off carbonic acid gas the same as animals, and absorb oxygen. It is a very remarkable fact that these lowly plants come nearer to the animal kingdom than the higher forms of the vegetable world. All fungi did not absorb oxygen and give off carbonic acid, but, so far as has been ascertained, all the edible species do. Of all vegetable productions these are the most highly azotised—that is, they come nearer in their chemical composition to the flesh of animals than any other of the vegetable kingdom. They also furnish considerable quantities of albumen and osmazome; this last is the principle that gives its peculiar flavor to meat gravy. Besides the solid in mushroom diet we have what is well known to almost everybody, the expressed juice called catsup, catchup, or ketchup. This word, which is spelt in various ways, is quite a puzzle to philologists; some suppose it to be derived from Kuck-hup, a Hindostanee word for turtle. In the *Cuisinier Royal par Viart* it is mentioned among the "petites sauces" as ket-chop. If more attention were paid to these lowly forms of the vegetable kingdom, many a good meal might be obtained by those who now too often want a dinner.

☞ A Mississippi planter gave employment, during the past season, to thirty or forty negroes. The cholera broke out among them, and a physician was called, whose treatment promised quick success. An old negro among the number, however, was not satisfied with the progress of events, and with a great show of religious zeal and reverential awe, made it known to his fellows that God had appeared to him and revealed the strange fact that, if the cholera-smitten negroes would procure one handful of salt and the other full of figs, and sit beneath a sycamore tree and swallow the contents of both hands, taking first a mouthful of salt and then a bite of figs, that the cure that would be effected would be sufficiently miraculous to show a direct Providential interference in their behalf. Accordingly, twelve negroes threw away their "doctor stuff," and supplying themselves with the figs and salt, and seating themselves under the charmed sycamore, proceeded to dose themselves as directed. The result was rather miraculous, for eleven of them never left the spot! The dose killed them.

☞ OUR CAVALRY.—The Indians have no great dread of our cavalry, according to "Spotted Tail." He recently remarked in conversation—"We don't care for your cavalry, because we can ride down within a hundred yards of them, and then if we give our whoop and shake our buffaloes, one-half of your men will fall off their horses, and the other half will run away."

☞ Mr. Charles Dickens has decided to leave England for the United States on the 9th of November, in the steamship Cuba, occupying one of the officer's cabins. He will remain in America until May. His agent, Mr. Dolby, had arranged to sail from England three weeks earlier.

☞ The deepest deposit of guano known is seventy feet. According to Humboldt, a deposit of three centuries would not exceed more than one-third of an inch in thickness. By an easy mathematical calculation it will be seen that at this rate it would take almost countless centuries to form the deepest guano bed. Such a calculation carries us back towards a former geological period, and proves that in past ages a greater number of birds existed.

☞ A band of Indians made a sudden attack on a detachment of our soldiers in the mountains. The soldiers had a mountain howitzer, mounted on a mule. Not having time to take it off and get it in position, they backed up the mule and let drive at the Indians. The load was so heavy that mule and all went tumbling down the hill toward the savages, who not understanding that kind of warfare, fled like deer. Afterward one of them was captured, and when asked why they ran so, replied: "Me big Injun, not afraid of little guns or big guns, but when a white man load up and fire a whole jackass at Injun, me don't know what to do."

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelets for next year:—

A DEAD MAN'S RULE. By Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman had Her Way," &c.

THE DEBARRY FORTUNE. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," &c.

FLEEING FROM FATE. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "Juno Clifford," &c.

These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

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☞ The contents of The Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 15 cts.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,

No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

SAD MISFORTUNE TO A YOUNG LADY.—A young lady of Canandaigua, New York, went to a dentist to have some teeth extracted, and in the operation he cracked her jaw, but she being under the influence of chloroform, was insensible to her misfortune. The dentist did not discover it, but attempted to extract another tooth, pulling out a piece of the jawbone of sufficient size to contain two teeth. By this time she began to recover from the effects of the opiates, and they were again administered, and a physician and surgeon being immediately summoned, her jaw was set. About six weeks after, the young lady (being obliged to breakfast, dine and sup on gruel) was informed by her physician in attendance that she might loosen the bandage and commence to use her jaw, which being done, she found that her jaws were set; and, after vain efforts to operate them, they gave up in despair, feeling that they were locked forever. At the latest accounts she was still unable to open her mouth, and was fed through a silver tube.

THE TOWER OF BABEL.—The Tower of Babel is an edifice of which little is known by the ordinary world, but the London Bookseller, it seems, has discovered some one who knows a great deal about it, and, also, about the great deluge. That periodical contains the following announcement: "To be sold by private contract, the copyright of a work in manuscript, entitled the 'Tower of Babel Discovered, and the Deluge Explained.' The substance of which is contained in about three hundred and fifty foolscap quarto pages. The author and compiler asserts that he has made one of the most important discoveries of the present age, namely, that of demonstrating the identity of the Great Pyramid of Egypt with the ancient Biblical Tower of Babel; and proving, by conclusive evidence, that the Mosaic Deluge was a local flood, produced by the bursting of an ancient African lake, the remains of which he points out, and also indicates in detail the cause of the great catastrophe."

HORRIBLE SCENE—A CHILD TRAMPLED AND BITTEN TO DEATH BY A DONKEY.—On Tuesday two children of Mr. Amos Champlin, residing on the T. R. Hazard farm in this town, were playing near the orchard, one of them got upon the wall, when a donkey, which was kept in the orchard, seized the child, and dragging him down, commenced to trample and bite him. Meanwhile, the other child, seeing what occurred, made for the house and informed its mother that little Horace had been killed by the donkey. The mother hastened to the orchard and saw the terrible spectacle of the brute gnawing the poor child's throat and face. The poor woman gave a scream which so startled the donkey that he retreated a few paces, when the mother rescued the child from further harm. The throat and face of the child were shockingly mutilated. We understand the child died on Wednesday. —*Narragansett (R. I.) Times.*

☞ Near Sherman, Texas, recently, Mrs. Beatty, a widow lady, met her death in a most singular manner. She was in the act of getting on a horse, when a common sewing needle, which stuck in her dress, caught in the saddle and was driven in her body near her breast, slightly piercing her heart. She lived only about half an hour.

☞ A large amount of wheat is being shipped from Lake Michigan ports to Montreal and other Canadian ports, whence it goes by the St. Lawrence to Europe. Eight cargoes were shipped from Montreal last week from the single port of Milwaukee. One-fourth of the eastward movement of wheat for the week is destined for Canadian ports for export.

☞ Madison, Florida, gushes with matrimonial bliss. Three weddings in one night last week. In one case, the bridegroom was fourteen, and the blushing bride a charming widow with five children.

The Senator Sumner, Baron Holstein Affair.

Correspondence of the New York Express.

A public man sometimes becomes so public that his private affairs command a publicity which it would be an affectation of the press not to notice. Hence I send you the following:

Not two years ago the long-known bachelor, Charles Sumner, became a Benedict. A highly educated, and, in many respects, an accomplished man, of good manners, and better appearance, naturally enough, stood high among the ladies of Boston. And he had no difficulty in winning the hand of a widow (from one of the F. F. V.'s of Boston,) who sacrificed no inconsiderable jointure in marrying him. The honeymoon had all the apparent charm that honeymoons usually have when Mrs. Sumner went with her husband to Washington, and new scenes ensued.

Among the men composing the *Diplomatic Corps* in Washington was Baron Holstein, of Prussia, whom the Prussian King had attached to the Prussian legation there, "to spy out the land." Naturally enough, he courted the acquaintance of Charles Sumner, the Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Affairs in the Senate, who, at a dinner party, introduced his wife to the Baron, and who was placed beside her at dinner. An acquaintance ensued, and friendship followed, such as naturally and honorably springs up between the sexes, with kindred tastes and aspirations. The Baron attended to the lady in *matinees* and *soirees*, and in other places, and occasionally escorted her from the Senate, where both had been to hear the Senator speak. Mr. Sumner becoming displeased with this acquaintanceship—it cannot be properly called intimacy—wrote a letter to Baron Holstein, in which, while complaining of it, report says he insinuated something not honorable to the wife. The Baron wrote back a letter, which, in substance, he said, there was no cause of offence whatever—he had been polite to Madame, as he was to other ladies of similar accomplishments, and nothing had ever happened which propriety, or good taste forbade, but if the Senator was not satisfied with that, he was ready to give him any such satisfaction as a man of honor demanded.

This correspondence was the beginning and end of part first,—but Mr. Sumner, report says, then became cool to his wife,—and the lady and the Baron became more reserved in their intercourse. Then Mr. Sumner, as Chairman of our Committee of Foreign Affairs, wrote to the Prussian Minister of Foreign Affairs, the distinguished Bismark, that if he (B.) would recall the Baron, he (S.) would be obliged. The adroit Bismark yielded to the potential positions of the American Chairman of Foreign Affairs, and the Baron was recalled to Berlin.

Mrs. Sumner next became acquainted with this correspondence, and naturally enough was indignant beyond all power of description. Her indignation naturally rested upon that part of the correspondence which, it was alleged, touched her honor. The end of all this is that Mrs. Sumner has gone her way to Europe—their common establishment in Washington being given up, and another is taken by the Senator for the winter.

There is some scandal afloat beyond all this, relating both to the Senator and the lady, such as may be expected from early *denouements* in such a marriage affair, but the *basis* of the report in Boston is such as I send you. What I have written is in everybody's mouth, and it may possibly be erroneous in some of the details, but in substance probably correct. I send it to you for publication, because what, if anything, is wrong here, had better at once be set right, to stop the tongues of the thousands that are making more out of a few facts.

☞ The French army uniform, it is announced, is to be changed. The troops are to return to their old-fashioned dress; the Zouave trowsers are to be given up, and the old trowsers coming down to the instep resumed. The tight, short jacket is to give way to the old long tunic, for garrison work, while the cloak is to be replaced by the old overcoat, which can be worn either alone or else over the tunic. Instead of the present bonnet, without a peak, the old cap, with a peak, is again to be introduced, and the shako is to be in future of cloth, and not of patent leather, as hitherto. It seems that practice has proved that what was very suitable to Zouaves was not adapted to the majority of the French soldiers.

☞ The new principle of Mount Cenis Railway is thus briefly explained to those who are not scientific and not initiated already into the mystery: The new principle, like all other great ones, is simple. A centre rail, like a stair banister, is placed on strong supporters fourteen inches above the other rails. The engine is provided with four horizontally placed wheels, which are connected with the cylinders, and may be made to "bite" the centre rail. These wheels are clear on level ground, but when an ascent or descent is reached, they are screwed down and catch the centre rail, and off the locomotive goes, up or down a plain sloped like a house roof. By the end of this month (September) passenger trains will be climbing the Alps every day and looking down on the world from a height of nearly seven thousand feet.

☞ The annual "liquefaction" of the blood of St. Januarian at Naples, took place as usual on the 20th of September last. It was generally supposed that the "liquefaction" would not occur this year on account of the Italian troubles, and it was, therefore, unexpected.

☞ A Pittsburg shoemaker, named August Corn, drowned himself on Sunday, because a young lady in an oyster saloon refused to marry him.

☞ Admiral Farragut saw in Sweden an entire battery of breech-loading cannons of wrought iron, taken out of a vessel sunk during the seventeenth century.

☞ A boy, about eight years old, fell on the point of a pocket knife, at West Suffield, Ct., a few days ago, and bled to death from the wound.

☞ There are 50,000 Chinese in California, and a majority of the Californians would like to get rid of them.

THE LAST WORD.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Creep into thy narrow bed,
Creep, and let no more be said!
Vain thy onset! all stands fast;
Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans, and swans are geese,
Let them have it how they will!
Thou art tired; best be still!

They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee,
Better men fared thus before thee;
Fired their ringing shot and passed,
Hotly charged—and broke at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall.

RETAINING COUNTERFEIT NOTES.—The case mentioned in a Richmond paper, wherein it was decided that a person who had taken a counterfeit note and kept it for several months, could not *then* recover from the person he took the note from, is not the first case of the kind. It was long ago decided in Pennsylvania, in the case of Raymond vs. Barr, heard at Chambersburg, in 1835, that a person "receiving a counterfeit note from an innocent person in payment, and keeping it by him six months without notice, was guilty of gross negligence—and must sustain the loss." The decision may be found in 13th Sergeant & Rawle, page 318.

☞ John B. Gough was hissed at the Cooper Institute, recently, when he said he preferred prize fighting to horse racing.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic! *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CHAPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-eowtf

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The greatest living curiosity of the age. Agents wanted. Circulars sent free. Samples for trial. Address M. L. BYRN, Box 4069 P. O. New York City. Office 82 Cedar street. oct26-4t

DEAFNESS CURED.—DR. STILWELL'S ORGANIC VIBRATOR. It fits into the ear and is not perceptible, restores singing in the head, and enables deaf persons to hear distinctly at church and public assemblies.

A Treatise on Deafness, Catarrh, Consumption and Cancer; their causes, means of speedy relief and ultimate cure, by a pupil of the Academy of Medicine, Paris. Sent free for 10 cents. Scrofulous diseases successfully treated. Dr. T. H. STILWELL, 21 East Washington Place, New York City, where all letters, to receive attention, must be addressed.

Dr. Stilwell, of New York, assisted by Dr. Perrhan, of the University of Vienna, will be professionally at 1032 Pine St., Philadelphia, Tuesday next 10 to 4. oct12-4t

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st of May, 1867, by the Rev. Wm. Robinson, Mr. EDWARD B. DANIELS to Miss VIRGINIA WOLF, both of this city.

On the 12th of Oct., by the Rev. Andw. Monship, Mr. THOMAS GILES to THERE WILSON, both of this city.

On the 9th of Oct., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. I. L. HENRIQUES, of Jefferson, Texas, to Miss LIZZIE C. HICKEY, daughter of Mr. John Hickey, of this city.

On the 21st of Oct., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. THOMAS JACOBS to Miss NANCY RENKARD, both of this city.

On the 17th of Oct., by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, D. D., THOMAS S. BARTHAM, M. D., of this city, to MARY A. SNYDER, of New Jersey.

On the 10th of Oct., by the Rev. J. Spencer Kennard, Mr. GAVIN BERRY to Miss ELLA R. MOSS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of Oct., ELIZA, wife of Wm. Overington, in her 70th year.

On the 21st of Oct., HANNAH STEVENSON, relict of the late Wm. Abbott.

On the 21st of Oct., Mr. JACOB S. MINTZER, in his 63d year.

On the 20th of Oct., Mrs. SARAH GREENWOOD, in her 68th year.

On the 20th of Oct., JAMES R. CAMPBELL, in his 39th year.

On the 20th of Oct., ELIZABETH EVERLY, in her 66th year.

On the 19th of Oct., Mrs. MARGARET, wife of John Hill, aged 25 years.

On the 18th of Oct., Mr. ELIAS B. CLAYTON, in his 42d year.

On the 17th of Oct., REBECCA K. BARTHAM, in her 66th year.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1868.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

New and Splendid Premium Engraving.

GEMS OF NATIVE AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

The proprietors of "the oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

"WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON."

For our Premium Engraving this year we shall give the above splendid portrait of Washington, engraved by the distinguished artist, H. Wright Smith, from the celebrated picture by Thomas Hicks, N. A. This is a full length portrait, with Mount Vernon in the background, and is thirty inches long by twenty-one inches wide. No American home should be without a portrait of "The Father of his Country." This engraving, (or one of "Edward Everett in his Library," or one of last year's premiums, "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending a club!*

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured. The following *original* serial stories are already on hand:—

THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "The Morrisons," &c.

TRYING THE WORLD.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "How a Woman Had Her Way," &c.

Besides our original contributions, long and short, we also select in STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS, &c.,

THE GEMS OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES;

And also give the NEWS OF THE WEEK, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT AND HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, CLIPPINGS, THE MARKETS, &c., &c.

☞ SPECIAL OFFER TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS. ☜

New subscribers for 1868, will have their names entered on our list the very week their names are received. Thus new subscribers who send on their names by the first of November, will receive THE POST for November and December, in addition to the whole of 1868—making Fourteen Months in all. Those who send by the first of December, will receive Thirteen Months. Tens of thousands should take advantage of this liberal offer.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

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No. 1.	For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—				a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, worth	$55.00
" 2.	For 4	"	"	2.50	"	a Propelling Pencil, gold mounted, worth	3.00
						or a Set of Chess Men, worth	5.00
" 3.	For 8	"	"	2.50	"	one dozen Silver Plated Teaspoons, worth	7.00
						or half dozen Silver Plated Tablespoons, worth	7.00
						or half dozen Silver Plated Forks, worth	7.00
						or a Universal Clothes Wringer, worth	10.00
						or a Silver Plated Castor, worth	10.00
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No. 4.	For 10 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—				a Silver Plated Cake Basket, worth	12.00
						or a Silver Plated Ice Pitcher, worth	12.00
						or a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, worth	12.00
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" 8.	For 24	"	"	2.50	"	a Fine Silver Watch, worth	30.00
" 9.	For 30	"	"	2.50	"	an Allen's Patent Breech Loading Rifle, worth	35.00
" 10.	For 40	"	"	2.50	"	a Silver Plated Tea Set, including Coffee Pot, worth	40.00
						or one of Spencer's Repeating Rifles, with Globe and Peep sight, &c., worth	50.00
" 11.	For 50	"	"	2.50	"	a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, worth	75.00
" 12.	For 50	"	"	2.50	"	Appleton's American Cyclopædia, 16 vols., worth	80.00
" 13.	For 50	"	"	2.50	"	a First Quality Melodeon (4 octaves) worth	70.00
" 14.	For 75	"	"	2.50	"	a First Quality Parlor Organ (4 octaves), worth	110.00

SPLENDID OFFER OF BOOKS.

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As some may be desirous of obtaining Books instead of the above Premiums, we make this additional offer:—

We will furnish any Books on T. B. Peterson & Bros.' List of Publications, *bound in paper, or in cloth, and postage prepaid*, on the following terms:—For 4 subscribers, at $2.50 apiece, $8.00 worth of Books; *for 8* subscribers, at $2.50 apiece, $7.00 worth of Books; for 16 subscribers, at $2.50 apiece, $15.00 worth of Books; for 30 subscribers, at $2.50 apiece, $30.00 worth of Books; and for 50 subscribers at $2.50 apiece, $56.00 worth of Books.

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REMARKS

☞ The lists may be made to for The Post exclusively, or the Lady's Friend exclusively, or partly for one and partly the other, as is desired.

☞ Remember—each subscriber, on a Premium list, is to receive, *in addition to his paper or magazine*, a copy of either of the large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, as he may prefer:—"WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON," "EDWARD EVERETT IN HIS LIBRARY," or "ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS." The regular club subscribers do not receive an engraving, unless they send one dollar extra for it.

Subscriptions should be remitted as fast as obtained, that the subscribers may receive their papers, magazines and engraving at once. Both old and new subscribers may be counted in the lists. The papers or magazines will be sent to different post-offices when desired.

The canvasser for a list for Premiums would do well to take with him a copy of THE POST, a copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and one of the Premium Engravings. He can get these, either by subscribing for the paper or magazine for a year, or by inclosing us *one dollar*, for which sum we will send a copy of all three to those desirous of making up lists, but to those only. The paper and magazine, without the engraving, will be sent for twenty cents.

The Sewing Machine offered is the Wheeler & Wilson No. 3 Machine, price $55. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars, (that is, ten dollars in *additions* to the amount of the subscription prices) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted.

Everything offered in our list of Premiums is guaranteed to be an excellent article. The valuation is simply the usual retail price of the articles in Philadelphia and New York. By means of purchasing at the best sources, and at wholesale prices, and giving advertising in return, we are enabled to offer these splendid inducements. Our only object is to increase our circulation—giving those who help us do this, the benefit of the Premiums.

The articles will be sent by express, or as ordered. Nothing will be charged for packing or boxing. The Freight, however, must be paid by the receiver of the Premium.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—

One copy (and the large Premium Engraving).....$2.50

CLUBS.

2 copies	$4.00	14 copies (and one to getter up of club)	$20.00
4 "	8.00	20 " " "	28.00
5 " (and one to getter-up of club)	8.00	1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend (and one Premium Engraving)	4.00
8 " " "	12.00		

A copy of the large and handsome Premium Engraving ("Washington at Mount Vernon") WILL BE SENT TO EVERY ONE SENDING ON A CLUB. The sender of a club of five and over, will of course get the engraving in addition to his paper.

☞ Any member of a club wishing the engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices if desired.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

Address **HENRY PETERSON & CO.,**

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent, on the receipt of *five cents*.

THE AUTUMN OF THE HEART.

The corn bows its head to the sickle,
The nightingale's murmur is hushed,
Rain tears from the arbutus' trickle,
Beech fruits in the forest lie crushed.
We have fought, but the battle is ending;
We are wounded and sick from the fight;
Blue shadows around us descending
Breathe kisses of night.

We have journeyed not heeding our danger,
Cried in wild supplication above;
We have loved till our eyes lost their anger,
And hearts became sleepy with love.
Red roses are dying which wreathed us,
We are stamped with the iron that scars;
Dead love in compassion bequeathed us
Its relic of tears.

Ah, me! but the summer was pleasant;
Shall we die and lie dreaming again?
Would we yield the dull days of the present
For an hour of the past and its pain?
Do we hunger for kisses that stung us?
Or long for the lips that have lied?
Must we stoop for the gauntlet they've flung us?
Weep? creep to their side?

We cringe to these sowers of sorrow,
We cry for a blighted caress;
We dream for a night; on the morrow
We gather the tares of distress.
We bow to our grief and privation,
We pay for the pleasures that cloy;
Our work is to build the foundation
They love to destroy.

Oh! women with hearts brimming over
With passions we never can feel,
The world is too weak to discover
The mystical love you conceal.
Our sorrow, not ours the reproving;
Your triumph, and ours the defeat;
Our lives are made bitter from loving,
Why are you so sweet?

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

THE JEALOUS HUSBAND.

"So you've accepted Dick Denison, Mary?"

"Of course, aunt, Didn't you suppose I would?"

Mrs. Morgan put down her sewing and turned her eyes towards the window with a deep sigh.

"Well, yes," she replied, thoughtfully, "I can't say but I did; yet I'm sorry for it."

Mary glanced up from her embroidery with a deepening flush in her cheeks and a quick flash in her blue eyes.

"Why, aunt?" she said, half indignantly.

Mrs. Morgan considered a moment before she replied; and then her lips trembled and her kind eyes filled with tears.

"One reason is, I'm unwilling to part with you, child. You've been very dear to me through all the long years we lived together, and I shall miss you sadly; but I'm *not selfish enough to think only of my own happiness—my fears are for you, Mary.* I'm in doubt whether Dick Denison will make you happy."

Mary's tears had gushed out freely at her aunt's first words; but they dried on the instant at this implied doubt of her lover, and she interposed eagerly:

"What fault do you find in him, aunt? He's temperate, and industrious, and good-hearted."

"But he's jealous, Mary!"

The girl blushed and dropped her eyes for a moment in evident confusion; then she said, with an effort,

"But he'll get over that; he won't be jealous after—after—"

"After you are married, you mean?" added her aunt, kindly. "I don't know about that, child; marriage doesn't change a man's nature—and Dick Denison is very jealous and exacting. I've noticed it ever since he's been visiting here; but more particularly last night. He was on thorns while you were singing for young Lane, and hadn't self-possession enough to conceal his feelings."

Mary smiled, glancing down at the diamond engagement-ring that encircled her finger.

"Well," she continued, "it is done past recall now; and I believe I'm half glad that Dick loves me well enough to be jealous. You know I like to be loved a great deal, aunt!"

"Yes; and I know that you deserve to be; but calm, reasonable affection, the 'perfect love that casteth out fear,' is better than hot-headed jealousy, Mary. But, as you say, it is done past recall now, and I won't cloud your sunshine by my misgivings. Dick's a good fellow, and loves you with his whole soul; and I trust you will make each other very happy. But just here, my dear, allow me to give you a word of advice, and then we'll drop the subject for ever. Knowing your husband's one failing, as you do, never trifle with it; be discreet, prudish even, rather than arouse his suspicions. Above all, avoid Lawrence Lane. Indeed, I would advise you to cut his acquaintance at once."

Mary flushed a little, and bridled her pretty neck, showing plainly enough that the true metal was there; but the moment after she answered, meekly,

"I'll mind what you say, aunt. As for Mr. Lane, he and I parted for good last night; and now I mean to do my best to make Dick happy. I promised him as much last night when he put this ring on my finger—and I'll keep my word. A pretty ring, isn't it, aunt?" she added, holding up the flashing diamond with fond pride; "there was another one just like it at the shop, and old Squire Darwin bought it for Carrie. This cost Dick a pretty sum, I know."

"Yes, more than he can afford to expend for such a trifle," replied Mrs. Morgan, gravely. "He would have been wiser if he had bought a plain ring, and saved his money to set up housekeeping with."

"Yes, I know; but he said he meant to be extravagant for that one time," broke in the girl, eagerly; "and he did it to please me, because he knows I love beautiful things so. Don't blame him, aunt."

"Oh! I've no thought of blaming him; and if I had, it would be all the same to you," laughed her aunt, and she arose and left the room.

Mary bent her lips, and kissed the great, lustrous diamond; and then went on busily with her embroidery. She had need of it in a few months—for just before Christmas she and Dick were married; and went to housekeeping as cosily and happily as a pair of robins, in a little vine-wreathed cottage, on the suburbs of the town.

For twelve months their happiness was perfect. Dick was a model for all husbands, and Mary a pattern for all wives; and the baby (for, of course, so complete a household was not without its baby,) was just the sweetest, rosiest, dearest little cherub that ever gladdened a mother's heart. Dick was content to his heart's core; yet his old failing was strong within him. His wife saw it, when they were out spending evenings together, and when her beauty chanced to call forth some little admiration; but it caused her no trouble; on the contrary, she rather liked to see the great fellow sit fuming at her, with his fierce brows lowered, and an expression in his face which said as plain as words—"That handsome little woman's my wife; let any man look at her if he dares."

This selfsame woman, being as discreet as she was handsome, managed her cards so skillfully, and conducted herself with such marked delicacy, that her jealous lord had never been able to find a solitary flaw in her character; and a twelvemonth went by, and the honeymoon was not on the wane.

Another of Dick's peculiar characteristics was love of dress and display. It was this weakness, or whatever we may term it, that led him to purchase the diamond engagement-ring; and which, on more occasions than one, had left him a light purse, and an uneasy consciousness of having committed an unpardonable folly. In this respect, his wife was just his opposite; although her love of beauty and completness amounted to a passion, she never suffered it to lead her out of the path laid down by prudence and economy.

"No, Dick, no; I don't need a new silk dress this season," she urged, as they were overlooking their wardrobe one fine spring afternoon; "I shall have this lavender silk turned, you see; and my black one's as good as new. I don't need one, really; we must be economical now, you know, since we've got baby to provide for."

"Ay, ay, Mary; if you're content, I am," sighed Dick, strolling from the room and down the street.

But his face belied his words—he was not content; at every step he was thinking of the pretty hat, with its white plumes, he had bought for Mary, and how shabby her old silks would look beneath it; and grumbling in his heart because of his poverty. Presently he was passing Stewart's, the linen-draper's windows; and chancing to glance in, a very marvel of loveliness caught his eye—a silk, blue as the bosom of a May sky, and lustrous as light itself. He fancied Mary wearing it, with her curls down, and her blue eyes all aglow, and his heart fairly stood still. He stepped in, and the obliging young man behind the counter had it before him in an instant.

"Just see, sir, it will stand alone; and such a color—only one more in our shop like it, and that went off to-day. Shall I fold it up, sir?"

"But the price?" faltered Dick; "what of that?"

"Oh, a mere trifle! Only seven guineas and a half."

Dick's eyes dilated, but he was not the man to back out of a thing when once in; so he bought the silk, and went home with an almost empty pocket. Mary unfolded it with eager hands, and when she caught sight of its beaming lustre, she screamed, and laughed, and clapped her hands like a child; and then fell to hugging and kissing her husband, till the great silly fellow was ready to cry with joy. But the instant his back was turned, her face sobered.

"Oh!" she burst out, "poor, good Dick; what does make him so foolish? I shan't wear it half a dozen times this season, so little do I go out—and to think of the money, oh, dear! We shall be ruined, unless I can devise some plan of retrenchment; here's nurse's wages, and the rent—oh, dear!"

But the dress was made up and trimmed very elaborately, in obedience to Dick's fancy; and on the coming Sabbath Mary was to wear it to church. On Tuesday afternoon Dick sat at the open window of his room in the County Bank, in which he and Lawrence Lane were brother clerks. It was warm and sunny—the air sweet with the odor of roses and lilies; and leaning on his elbow, with the slanting sun rays falling round his head, the young husband fell into a dream of the past and the happy days of his courtship. Then his eyes grew soft and almost tearful, as his thoughts came back to the busy, happy little wife and cooing babe that awaited him at home. He glanced up quickly at the western sun, impatient for his release; and just then a figure passing below attracted his attention. He started, looked more closely, and then flushed to his temples. Mary's figure—Mary's new hat, with its white plumes, and Mary's blue silk dress! He recognised the very trimming in the skirt; and he could have sworn to the golden hue of her hair.

But what was Mary out for, and in her new dress, too? She said she wouldn't wear it until he could accompany her. He felt hurt that she had forgotten her promise. But at that moment she came opposite the bank, and paused. She meant to call for him—that was why she had worn the new dress. He started up, and hastened down to join her; but at the door he found young Lane ahead of him. His first impulse was to rush past him and overtake his wife, who had started on again at a loitering pace; but a second thought struck him, and that thought was a suspicion, born of an old jealous wound that had once rankled at his heart. He drew back in the shadow of the open door and watched them. He saw his wife move on for a pace or two, then pause again; and then Lane hastened on, joined her, and the two passed from his sight.

What did it mean? He went back to his desk with a restless pain at his heart. We will do him the justice to say that he suspected no ill; but he was puzzled beyond endurance. What right had his wife to be walking with this man—her old admirer and suitor? An hour or so went by, and then Lane returned. Dick rose up from his blotted book, and confronted him.

"Will you tell me what your business was with the lady you joined a few moments ago?" he asked, in a civil but constrained voice.

The young man eyed him for an instant in cool amazement, which gave way to a flush of passion.

"I'll teach you how to meddle with that which don't concern you if you don't stand out of my way," he replied, hotly, as he passed on to his own desk.

Dick snatched up his hat and made a rush for home. On the very threshold he changed his mind, and determined, instead of being frank and honest with his wife, to say nothing of what had happened, but to wait and watch for results. She met him in the passage, flushed and breathless, as if from a walk; but she held out both her hands to welcome him as usual, and held up her lips for his kiss. He took her hands, but did not kiss her.

"You look tired, Mary," he said, carelessly. "Have you been out?"

"Only a little way," she replied, evasively; "but don't stand here—come in and see baby."

He held her hands, looking straight into her eyes.

"First, Mary, tell me where you've been," he said, sternly.

She flushed painfully, and her lips began to quiver.

"Don't ask me now, Dick," she importuned; "you shall know all soon—only trust me a little."

He dropped her hands, and turned from her with a cold, hard face.

"You're a fool for your pains, sir!" screamed a poll-parrot, from its cage close by—giving expression to a phrase that some persons had taught it.

Mary went into her own room, and, catching up her baby, burst into tears.

"What can be the matter with Dick?" she sobbed; "I never saw him look so before. I must tell him everything, I suppose—and then he'll put an end to it all. Oh, dear! 'tis too bad."

At dinner, when Mary met her husband again, she wore her brightest smile, and strove by all her arts to amuse and please him. But he was gloomy and silent—pleaded a headache—went to bed early, and left the following morning without bidding her good-by. Mary was deeply hurt, and her pride was touched besides.

Wednesday afternoon came, and Dick Denison, scarcely looking like himself—so deeply had the suspicions of a night told on him—took a seat by the bank window, and set himself to watch for the blue silk dress; not much expecting that it would appear, however. They wouldn't have the audacity to meet again so soon, he said. But in the course of a few moments he saw Lane go out, and, yielding to an impulse wholly unworthy of his manhood, he stole down and followed him. Only a short distance, and at the corner of a quiet street, there was the veritable blue silk dress, the plumed hat and golden hair! The sight seemed to turn his very brain to fire, and he rushed after them like a madman. But striking into some by-street, they eluded him; and an hour after he returned towards the bank dripping with perspiration and half beside himself with baffled rage. Close by the bank he encountered Lane.

"Stop, sir!" he exclaimed, seizing him by the arm.

The young man faced him with a look of genuine alarm; he had begun to believe that Dick Denison had in truth gone mad.

"For Heaven's sake, Denison," he began, "what has possessed you?"

But Denison did not heed him; his eyes, wide and wild with horror, were fixed upon a ring that glittered on Lane's finger. Releasing his arm, he grasped his hand with a grip like steel.

"What's this?" he gasped, his face white and haggard; "my wife's ring—I'd swear to it among a thousand—and on your hand, sir? Your life shall pay for this insult; your life—do you hear?"

Lane, fully believing himself in the hands of a man bereft of reason, suppressed the angry retort that rose to his lips, and wrenching his hand free, beat a precipitate retreat.

"You sneaking, cowardly villain!" Dick shouted, "I'll have at you yet! I'll make you pay for this!"

Then he rushed down the street, and towards his own cottage. His wife met him at the door in her prettiest dress, her face all smiles and good humor. She had wisely determined to bear him no malice for his unmanly moroseness the evening before; but her first glance at his face made her quake with terror.

"Oh, Dick!" she cried, clasping him in her arms, "what has happened—what's the matter?"

He threw her from him with a suppressed oath, and then his passion found vent in a terrible outburst of accusations and reproaches. She heard them all, standing before him as white and still as sculptured marble. When he had finished, she said, quietly, but with a steel-like gleam in her blue eyes, "And you believe all this, Richard Denison?"

"Yes, and more," was the savage response.

"Very well; I shall not trouble myself to change your opinion."

She was turning from him; but he seized her hand and drew her back.

"You dare not even deny it," he went on, his voice hoarse with mad rage. "You turn from me without a word of explanation. Great Heavens! that I should come to this—to call a woman my wife who does not scruple to take her engagement-ring from her finger and bestow it on another man!"

"'Tis false, sir, and you know it," his wife replied, startled out of her lady-like calmness.

"Prove it so, and I'll acknowledge myself a fool and a liar!" he cried impetuously. "The ring is gone from your finger—where is it? Produce it, and I'm satisfied."

A quick flush rose to Mary's cheek, and she darted past him and into her own chamber; but returned a moment or two after, with a white, affrightened face.

"I did put it there, Dick," she said, forgetting everything else but the loss of the ring; "but it is gone—I can't find it anywhere."

He laughed in her face—a bitter, taunting laugh.

"I thought as much. Didn't I see it on his finger with my own eyes? Don't try to

deceive me. I'm your dupe no longer. Get out of my sight! I hope never to look upon your false face again. I have loved you well, but my hate is stronger than my love. Away! out of my sight, before I forget that you are a woman and I a man!"

Mary obeyed him without a word; and fifteen minutes later she was on her way to her aunt's, with her babe clasped convulsively to her bosom. Dick Denison went into his own room, and took down his pistols, and after examining them carefully, to assure himself they were in good shooting trim, he left his desolate house, and bent his steps in the direction of Lawrence Lane's lodgings. His face had a strange, wild look, and his eyes wore the baleful glare of sheet-lightning. But Mr. Lane was not at home, the servant said; he took the evening train for London. Dick ground his teeth with angry disappointment.

The next morning found him weak and pale, with a terrible misery in his head, but feeling grimly resolute. He would never take back his wife again; and as soon as he had settled accounts with Lane he would be off for the Continent. Accordingly, he wrote an advertisement for the sale of all his property at auction, and spent the remainder of the day at the bank in hopes that Lane might return. But he did not, for he had a short leave of absence from the manager. The evening closed in chill and rainy. Guided more by the force of habit than anything else, the miserable Dick sought his own home; but he found it dark and desolate. No pleasant lights, no loving face to welcome him. He entered his wife's room with a heavy step. There stood the baby's crib, and Mary's work-basket—a thousand little things called up her image before him. For the first time he felt the true sense of all he had lost; and throwing himself into a chair, strong man that he was, he shook and sobbed like a very child.

"You're a fool for your pains, sir!" screamed the parrot from his cage.

"I know I am," poor Dick responded; "but I can't help it."

Then, remembering that the bird was his wife's, and a great pet, his heart being softened, he took pity on it.

"You're hungry, no doubt, poor fellow!" he said; and making his way to the pantry, he succeeded in finding some cakes and nuts.

"Here, poor Poll!" he said; "I'll feed you for your mistress's sake, though she's broke my heart!"

The bird pecked at his hand voraciously, and something dislodged from the wires of the cage fell to his feet with a sharp tingle. He stooped and picked it up, and a hot flush of shame burned to his very finger tips. It was the diamond engagement-ring—the selfsame one he had accused his wife of giving to young Lane. He stood like one bewildered, holding the gleaming thing in his hand, and at the same instant there came an impatient knock at the door. He tottered out, and stood face to face with Lawrence Lane.

"I believed you to be a madman, at first, Dick Denison," he began; "I know you to be something worse now. I am here, at your wife's request, to make an explanation, sorely enough against my will, sir. I was summoned to her aunt's house immediately on my return to-night, and from her own lips I heard of the infamous charges you had brought against her. The lady who met me at the door of the County Bank, on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, was Miss Carrie Darwin. She chanced to wear a silk dress bought at Stewart's from the same pattern as your wife's; she also owns a diamond ring, the counterpart of your wife's. She and myself—Miss Darwin, I mean—are betrothed, and have exchanged rings. I still wear hers upon my finger—do you see?"

"Yes, yes I see," gasped poor Dick.

"Then, sir, one thing more, and I'm done. Your wife—a true, tender woman, worthy of a better husband—had been out, as you perceived, on one of those afternoons; but she hesitated about telling you where. Hear the reason. She had been giving music lessons secretly, for a week or so, to help you on, as she said, because you had expended so much for that fatal blue dress; but she feared to let you know, lest you should object to it. Now, sir, are you satisfied—are you convinced that you are not a man, but a fool and brute?"

"Yes, I'm convinced," the poor fellow replied, creeping back to the desolate sitting-room.

The rain beat against the windows, and the wind whistled mournfully; and the pain at his heart became intolerable, as he sat there, pondering over the bitter work of his own folly. She would never come back to him again, and from henceforth life would be a curse. The best thing he could do would be to take the pistols with which he had threatened to shoot young Lane, and blow his own brains out. But he must see her first, and beg her to forgive him, that very night, no matter how bitterly she reproached him. He was starting to his feet, but the opening of the front door arrested him; and the next instant a tremulous hand touched his shoulder. He looked up. There she stood at his side, with her babe in her arms.

"Dick," she said, her blue eyes filling with tears, "I've come back to you again."

He went down on his knees at her feet.

"I've found the ring, Mary," he gasped, holding it up.

"Oh, where? How did you find it?" snatching it from him, with a glad cry.

"In the parrot's cage—he must have stolen it; but, Mary, can you ever forgive me?"

She kissed the ring, and put it on her finger.

"Yes, that was the way," she said. "Poll was out that day, and roamed all over the house—she stole it from the window where I laid it."

"But, Mary," urged poor Dick, still on his knees, "you haven't answered me yet. I know I've been a fool—can you ever forgive me?"

"Yes, Dick," she replied at last, dropping a soft kiss on his brow. "I shouldn't have come back if I hadn't meant to do that. Come, get up now, and take baby; and don't you ever doubt me again."

Dick obeyed very meekly; and all the while the wicked parrot screamed maliciously, "You're a fool for your pains, sir!"

SCARLET LEAVES.

Content weighs heavier than gold
In every perfect life;
So will I search out sweets untold,
With bloom and beauty rife,
Nor will I of all peace be reft,
Because one joy takes flight;
May-flowers, revealed in some lone cleft,
Wake ever fresh delight.

And what if May-flowers fade? ah, then,
Spring violets will bloom;
And what if violets droop? again
June roses yield perfume;
And what if roses fail? sweet pink
And lily-bell shall come,
With purple pansies, like, I think,
To passion standing dumb.

And when *all* those are gone? then see
The asters, rich and rare,
With stately dahlias grand and free,
Take on their princely air.
And when *all* summer bloom has fled?
Why then the scarlet leaves,
With autumn blushes flaming red,
Above the golden sheaves.

And thus I saw the May-flowers go,
The violets fade away,
The roses fall, the pinks laid low,
The lily-bells decay;
I watched the purple pansies droop,
The asters bloom and die,
The dahlias from their proud heights stoop,
And scarlet leaves hang high.

Frail emblems of my life! I said,
Traced onward to this hour;
Ere one full-blossomed joy is dead,
Up springs another flower,
Until, amid the scarlet leaves
In Life's autumnal day,
I chide my spirit that it grieves
O'er one dead hope alway.

The light falls mellowed from the skies,
The air is sweet with mint,
And gold and scarlet fruitage vies
With autumn leaves, in tint.
Thus, oh my soul! with mellowed tone,
Pass softly on thy way,
Dead flowers—but ripe fruits, round thee strewn,
Mid scarlet leaves to-day.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

On a beautiful evening in the autumn of 1842, seven persons, including myself, were gayly conversing in front of the country-house of Senor Arguellas, situated about a mile from Santiago de Cuba, in the eastern part of the island, and formerly its capital, when an incident suddenly occurred which had on our noisy gayety about the same effect as if a bombshell had burst in our midst; but first let me say a few words about the seven persons and the circumstances which had thus brought them together.

There were three American merchants, gentlemen from the South, who had many business relations with the Antilles, and proposed to set sail the next day, the weather permitting, (as the saying is,) for Morant Bay, Jamaica, in the ship Neptune, Captain Stearns; a lieutenant of artillery in the Spanish army, nephew of our host; M. Dupont, a young and rich Creole, born of French and Spanish parents, and the reputed aspirant to the hand of Dona Antonia, the daughter and sole heiress of Senor Arguellas, a charming beauty of eighteen, an age quite matured in that precocious climate; Captain Stearns of the Neptune, an Englishman of about thirty years, of a very gentlemanly aspect, and myself, at that time quite a young man, and scarcely recovered from a severe illness, which a year before had compelled me to pass over from Jamaica to the more even and temperate climate of Cuba, although there is only a difference of five degrees between the two islands. I likewise was one of Captain Stearns' passengers, as well as Senor Arguellas, who had some business to wind up in Kingston, and intended taking with him Senora Antonia, the young lieutenant, and M. Dupont. The Neptune had brought to Cuba a mixed cargo of cutlery, cotton cloths, &c., &c., and was to return with a half cargo of various articles. Among the rest was a number of barrels of powder, belonging to the American merchants, which had been found unsaleable in China, and for which they hoped to find a better market in Jamaica. There were excellent cabins on board the Neptune, and as the weather was fine, and we hoped for a passage as short as agreeable, we were all, as I have said, in fine spirits, enjoying the best Havana cigars, conversing on the politics of Cuba, America, and Europe, and earnestly arguing about the qualities of French and Spanish wines.

It was a superb evening, and a gentle breeze, which had just sprung up, came to us laden with the perfume of a thousand tropical plants. Nearly all of us had drank deeply, perhaps rather too much. We did not begin to speak French, which every one understood tolerably well, until Senora Arguellas and her daughter withdrew. Senor Arguellas, as I should have before stated, was still detained in the city by some business which he wished to complete before embarking for Jamaica.

"Do not go away, I beg of you, until I have seen you," said Senora Arguellas, rising from her seat, and addressing Capt. Stearns. "When you are at leisure, ring the bell, and a servant will inform me of it. I wish to converse with you about the arrangement of our cabin.

The Captain bowed. Never, as it seemed to me, had Antonia smiled more graciously than when the ladies left us. I do not exactly remember the cause or circumstance of the change; but, after some minutes, every one felt that the conversation was taking a disagreeable turn. I thought that M. Dupont was but ill pleased at the gracious expression of Antonia, as she addressed the Captain, but the bad temper which shone forth later did not appear to have arisen from that cause.

There arose a conflict of passionate words—the one attacking with bitter scorn the motives of the English for their intervention in the slave-trade, and the other replying with more animation than ill humor. In short, in the midst of this dispute, in which both, heated by wine, scarcely knew what they did or said, M. Dupont applied a disgraceful epithet to the Queen of England, and the Captain threw a glass of wine in his face. Both arose at the same time, having apparently recovered their sang-froid from this unfortunate incident. The Captain was the first to speak.

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur Dupont," said he, with a certain embarrassment; "I am sorry, very sorry to have acted thus, though my conduct is not inexcusable."

"Pardon! Thousand thunders," cried his adversary, trembling with rage, and wiping his face with his handkerchief. "Pardon! Yes, a ball through your head will grant you pardon!"

And in point of fact, in accordance with the ideas then dominant in Cuban society, a duel was the only possible denouement. Lieutenant Arguellas hastened into the house and brought forth a case of pistols.

"Let us meet," earnestly said he, in a low tone, "in the neighboring wood."

At this moment Mr. Desmond, the eldest of the Americans, advanced toward the Captain, who had recovered his equanimity, and was standing by the table with folded arms.

"My dear sir," said he, "I am not quite a stranger to affairs of this sort, and if I can be of any use to you, I—"

"Thanks, Mr. Desmond," replied the Captain, "I have no need of your services. Lieutenant Arguellas, you can remain here. I am no duellist, and I will not fight with M. Dupont."

"What does he say?" cried the Lieutenant, looking wildly around him: "not fight!"

I then perceived the Anglo-Saxon blood, at this apparent proof of cowardice in a man of their race, boiling as hotly in the veins of the Americans as in my own.

"Not fight, Captain Stearns!" said Mr. Desmond, with a grave, impressive air, after a moment's silence; you, whose name is inscribed in the royal navy of England! You must be joking?"

"I am perfectly sincere. I am, from principle, opposed to duelling."

"A coward from principle!" cried Dupont, in a tone of irony and rage, at the same time shaking his fist at the Englishman.

This shameful epithet produced the effect of a serpent's sting. The black eyes of the Captain blazed forth. He took one step toward Dupont, but of a sudden he was again master of himself.

"Well," said he, "I will even bear that. I was wrong to use violence towards you, although your impertinence certainly merited a lesson. Moreover, I repeat to you that I will not fight with you."

"But you shall give my friend satisfaction," cried Lieutenant Arguellas, who was as much excited as Dupont; "otherwise I swear to you I will denounce you everywhere as a coward, not only throughout this Island, but at Jamaica?"

To this threat Captain Stearns made no reply, but coolly rung the bell and told the slave to announce to Senora Arguellas that he was on the point of departure, and awaited her orders.

"This brave Englishman is going to shelter himself under the petticoats of your aunt, Alphonse!" cried Dupont, with most insulting irony.

"I almost question whether Mr. Stearns is an Englishman," said Mr. Desmond, who, as well as his two friends, began to be greatly excited; "but at any rate, as my father and mother were born and lived in England, if you wish to insinuate that—"

Senora Arguellas entered at this moment, and the American, with difficulty, retained his anger. The lady seemed greatly astonished at the altered looks of those whom she had left so recently. However, at the request of the Captain, she entered the house and left the other visitors to themselves.

Ten minutes later, we learned that Captain Stearns had left the house, after having announced to Senora Arguellas that the Neptune would get under way the next morning at precisely nine o'clock! At this news words of rage and anger blazed forth anew, and for the time being a duel seemed inevitable between Lieutenant Arguellas and Mr. Desmond, who seemed determined to break some one's head, to sustain the honor of the English name. However, this did not take place, and the company separated in disorder and full of bitter feeling.

The next day, at the appointed hour, we were all on board. The Captain received us with cold politeness, and I observed that the angry looks of Dupont and the lieutenant did not seem to disturb him in the least. The averted looks and air of disdain of Dona Antonia as also passed to her cabin with Senora Arguellas, the care with which she drew her mantilla still closer about her, as if she feared contamination from contact with a coward, made a marked impression upon him; but his features were not slow to recover their former calmness and serenity. However, we soon found that there was a limit to his patience. Dupont approached him and shouted in a tone loud enough to be heard by several of the sailors:

"Coward!"

Then turning on his heel was about to withdraw, when he felt himself held back by a hand of iron.

"Listen, monsieur," said the Captain, "personally I despise anything you can say; but I am Captain and ruler, on this ship, and will allow no one to insult me before my crew and enfeeble my authority. Try this again, and I will put you at the bottom of the hold, perhaps in irons, until we arrive at Jamaica."

Thus speaking, he thrust his astonished auditor violently from him, and went forward. All the passengers, white and colored, were on board, the anchor was weighed, the sails set, and in a few moments the ship was ploughing the waves.

A few hours sufficed to show that although the Captain might lack courage to fight a duel, he was, nevertheless, a thorough seaman, and the crew, composed of a dozen resolute tars, were in perfect discipline. Every duty on board the ship was performed with as much regularity and precision as on a man-of-war, and every one perceived that in case of a storm, or any species of danger, they could rely with entire confidence on the experience and firmness of Captain Stearns. The weather, luckily, continued fine, but the wind was light and changeable, so that several days after the blue mountains of Jamaica were in sight, the distance had not been sensibly diminished. At length a strong breeze sprang up from the northwest, and we crept up to Point Morant. We doubled the cape and entered the bay about two o'clock in the morning. The voyage might now be considered as ended, and the passengers looked forward with lively satisfaction to the pleasure of disembarking and escaping the monotony of life aboard ship. There was an extremely disagreeable constraint about every man's deportment. The Captain presided at the table with freezing politeness, and a conversation, if it merited that name, was in monosyllables. All, therefore, were delighted to take their last dinner on board the Neptune.

When we doubled Point Morant, all the passengers were in bed except myself and Captain Stearns, who had gone below to his cabin, and was busy examining his papers. As for me, I was too much agitated to think of sleeping, and so continued to walk the deck with Hawkins, the first lieutenant, whose watch it was, eagerly watching the lights on the well-known shore which I had left a year before, with very slight hope of ever seeing again. As I looked, suddenly a brilliant flash lit up the surrounding darkness, and quickly turning round I perceived a jet of flame issuing from the main hatchway, which, for some reason or other, had been left partially open. In the weak state I was still in, the fright caused by the flame (for I instantly thought of the barrels of powder) almost paralyzed me for a moment, and I should have fallen to the deck had I not instinctively grasped the shrouds. The cry of "Fire! Fire!" the most fearful sound one can hear at sea, resounded through the ship. In spite of my agitation, I could perceive, in the midst of the confusion and disorder that at once arose, the imposing figure of the Captain towering up amidst the frightened sailors—who had sprung on deck—who, first commanding silence in his powerful voice, had ordered the hatchway to be closed. This order being promptly executed, he darted down the forward hatch. The two or three minutes of his absence seemed to be a century to us, who were all so fully persuaded that our safety depended on his judgment, that not a look or word was exchanged till he returned. At length he reappeared, singed by the fire, and dragging after him what seemed to be a corpse. He threw his burden on the deck, and darting to where Hawkins stood, said to him, in a low tone:

"Hasten below, wake up the passengers, and bring me my pistols from the cabin. Quick, quick! the loss of a moment may imperil our lives."

Then turning to the sailors, he added, in a rapid firm tone of voice:

"You know that I never deceived you under any circumstances, or for any motive. This brute whom you see here, the servant of Lieutenant Arguellas, has set fire with his candle to the rum which he has stolen; the entire hold is on fire, and it would be a loss of time to attempt to extinguish it."

With a cry of rage and fright, the crew rushed to the ship's boats, but stopped at the sharp, decided tone of the Captain.

"Back! not a step farther! Hear me. If there be the least disorder or precipitation, we are all lost! But with courage and resolution perhaps all on board may be saved before the fire reaches the powder. And remember," he added, receiving his pistols from Lieutenant Hawkins, and cocking them, "that I'll send a ball through the first man who dares to disobey me, and that all my shots tell. Come now! To work resolutely with energy!"

It was a superb spectacle to see the influence exercised over the men by the imposing words and attitude of the Captain. The panic which had seized them seemed to give place to firm resolution, and in a very few seconds the ship's launch, and the long, and the jolly boats were in the water.

"Well done! bravo! We have lots of time before us! Let four of you remain here with me," (and he told their names,) "three others leap into each of the boats, two into the barge, and pull them around to the shore side. The least precipitation will upset the boats, and we can only guard one gangway."

However, the passengers were rushing on deck, half clothed, and in an ecstacy of terror, for every one knew that there was a large quantity of powder on board. Scarcely had the boats reached the ship's side, when the men, both white and black, rushed before the women and children apparently not giving a thought to those whom they would sacrifice, so eager were they to escape from the volcano which roared beneath their feet; but the Captain, assisted by the four stout sailors, whom he had selected for the purpose, pushed them roughly back.

"Back! back!" cried he, in a voice of thunder. "We must follow the order of a funeral here—first the women and children, then the aged. Give a hand there to Senora Arguellas, then to Dona Antonia, her daughter!"

As the young girl, more dead than alive, was on the point of descending, a jet of flame burst forth from the main hatchway with the noise of an explosion. The passengers uttered a cry of terror, and made a rush to reach the gangway. Dupont dashed between the sailors with the violence of a madman, and struck against Antonia with such force, that, had it not been for the Captain's exertions and great strength, she would have been precipitated over the side.

"Back, wretch! Back, coward!" cried the Captain, carried away by the imminent danger of the young girl; and seized him by the collar—

"Look there," said he, and pointing with the butt of his pistol, he showed him several white sharks, distinctly visible by the red light, a short distance from the ship. "There!" cried he, "throw the first one into the sea that tries to pass before his turn."

"Aye, aye, Captain," replied the men together.

This terrible threat at once restored order, and they lowered the women and children into the boat.

"Away with her!" shouted the Captain. "She can carry no men with safety."

A smothered groan was heard and understood.

"Stop an instant," continued he, "let Senora Arguellas descend. All right; away with you, quick!"

The second boat was filled with equal rapidity. The three Americans and the blacks, with one exception, descended.

"You have a noble heart," said Mr. Desmond, seizing the Captain's hand; "and I was a fool to—"

"Pass on," said the Captain, "this is no time for compliments."

The order to "pull away" had just been given, when the Captain's glance happened to fall on me, who, silent from fear, stood behind him leaning against the shrouds.

"One moment," cried he, "here is a young man whose weight cannot make much difference."

And he gently let me down into the boat, saying in a low tone,

"Gustave, remember me to your father and mother, if I do not see them again."

There was but one boat left, which could not hold more than eight persons, and we anxiously asked each other, how, beside the two sailors, who were already in it, it could contain Lieutenant Arguellas M. Dupont, a colored man, four sailors, and the Captain. All, however, promptly descended except the last named.

"Can you carry another?" asked he, in a voice as firm as before; but I observed that his face, though full of resolution, was deadly pale.

"Since it is you, we are perfectly willing, but we are very heavily laden, and this is a dangerous neighborhood."

"Wait a moment—I cannot leave the ship while there is a soul on board."

He hastened forward and returned with the almost inanimate body of the lieutenant's servant, which he lowered into the boat. Then hearing a dull roar close at hand, he threw the painter into the boat, and cried:

"Now away and save yourselves!"

The men leaned to their oars, and the boat shot away. The Captain, now that all but himself were in safety, began to look attentively in the direction of the shore, shading his eyes with his hand; presently he hailed the first boat:

"They must have seen us some time ago, and the pilot boats ought to be on the way, though I don't see them yet. If you meet one tell them to hasten, and there may yet be a chance for me."

All this scene of anxiety and terror, which it has taken me so long to describe thus imperfectly, from my own recollection and those of others, did not last, as I was afterwards assured by Mr. Desmond, more than eight minutes from the embarkation of Senora Arguellas to the departure of the last boat.

Never shall I forget the spectacle which the ship presented wrapped in flames, the only object visible except ourselves on that dark night, on the ocean's surface, when we had left that heroic man, who, after saving us all by his courage and presence of mind, had condemned himself to an inevitable death! We had scarcely gone two hundred yards, when the flames had entirely covered the deck, and mounted the rigging and some of the sails, marking out in lines of fire the hull of the ship and its masts and yards. The Captain, in order not to lose the chance he had spoken of, had retired to the extremity of the bowsprit, after having let go the jib and staysail, and there found a temporary refuge from the flames; but to what purpose, if it was but to prolong the agonies of the death which threatened him?

The boats glided on in profound silence, interrupted only by the regular dip of the oars, whilst more than one gaze narrowly scanned the shore with lively anxiety, in hope of at length discovering the pilot on whom so much depended. At length a distant hail almost stopped the beatings of my heart; the sailors answered back, and a boat glided out of the dense obscurity, closely followed by another.

"What ship is that?" cried a man who stood in the bow of the first boat.

"The Neptune, and that is Captain Stearns on her bowsprit!" I instantly sprang up, and shouted at the top of my voice: "A hundred pounds to the first boat that reaches the ship!"

"That's the voice and figure of young Latour," cried the pilot. "On! on! Hurrah for the reward!"

And the boats darted on with the same eagerness, without hesitating at the inevitable danger of the enterprize. A moment later another boat came up, but after asking a few questions, and learning the state of affairs, pulled up and took part of the passengers on board. Our own boats had almost sunk to the water's edge with their heavy loads, and the smallest one was in imminent danger of swamping. What agonies of suspense we suffered at that time; I can scarcely think of it even now without shuddering. I closed my eyes, and with beating heart awaited the explosion which would end all. And it came, at least so it seemed to me, and I sprang to my feet. But my brain, enfeebled by recent sickness and fright, had taken for the catastrophe the joyous shouts of the harbor boats. There was no one on the bowsprit of the Neptune, nothing but a rope hanging from the end. The two pilots, doubtless fearing the danger, had immediately withdrawn from the burning ship. However, our cries ceased not to encourage them. Suddenly a vast sheet of flame burst from the hold, and then a horrible explosion re-echoed through the air. I fell, or was overthrown, I don't know how, and the boat was tossed about as if suddenly drawn into a violent eddy; then came the hissing and noise of numerous bodies darted from a great height into the sea; then to this blinding flash and fearful report succeeded profound silence, and darkness so dense that one could scarcely recognise his neighbor. This silence was broken by shouts from one of the pilot boats. We recognized the voice, and our lively exclamations showed the brave Captain how rejoiced we were at his preservation. Half an hour later we joyously disembarked; and as the ship and cargo were fully insured, the only result of a disaster that had so imperiled our lives, was a tolerable heavy loss to the insurance companies.

A silver service was presented to Captain Stearns at a public dinner given in his honor at Kingston. In the speech of thanks which he made on that occasion, the Captain explained his motive for so obstinately refusing to fight a duel with M. Dupont, of which the papers had published various accounts.

"Left an orphan at an early age," said he, "I was brought up with extreme tenderness by a maternal aunt, Mrs. C——," (and he cited a well-known name.) "Her husband had fallen in a duel in the second month of his marriage. My aunt continued to bear her great sorrow till I reached my nineteenth year; her grief made such a vivid impression upon me that I conceived an extreme dis-

taste and horror for the barbarous usage which had caused it, so that it needed not the solemn promise which she exacted from me on her death-bed, to make me resolve never, under any circumstances, to accept a challenge. As for what I did at the unlucky burning of the Neptune, recalled by my friend Mr. Desmond with so much praise, I simply fulfilled my duty—he and I belong to a class of sailors who consider it the Captain's most sacred duty to be the last one to leave or abandon his ship." Moreover, I should have been the greatest of cowards to display any weakness in the presence of—of—that is to say under the circumstances which—in fact—that is—"

Here the Captain blushed and stammered unaccountably. Evidently he was no orator. I don't know whether his embarrassment was caused by the peculiar expression with which Senor Arguellas regarded him, or by the glance he had given at the gallery, where he observed the calm gravity of Senora Arguellas, and the blushes of Dona Antonia; at any rate he continued to stammer painfully, though the company kept applauding to give him time to recover himself. After a few unintelligible sentences he sat down, covered with embarrassment, but in the midst of strenuous applause and general good humor.

I have but a few words more to add. Captain Stearns has been long since settled in Havana, and Dona Antonia has become Mrs. Stearns. Three young Stearnses have already made their *debut*, to my certain knowledge, and the Captain is in a flourishing business. I don't know what became of Dupont, and, in point of fact, I have not the slightest curiosity. Lieutenant Arguellas attained the rank of major, at least I suppose he must be the major whose name I have seen mentioned in the papers as slightly wounded in the Lopez affair.

"And you, Monsieur Narrator," asks one of my readers, "How are you?"

"I am pretty well, I thank you!"

☞ The only grocer in Hastings, Michigan, that persists in the selling of intoxicating beverages, has fixed a sort of wheel lettered with the initials of the liquors desired, as B for brandy, W for whiskey, and so on *ad infinitum*. The drinker places his tumbler upon the letter of the drink he desires—not forgetting to place the money there also—then turns the wheel. It goes behind a screen, is filled, rolls on its journey round to the drinker, and no one is seen to sell, or take pay, and thus the law is evaded.

☞ The poet who composed these lines must have been hopping mad:

A thousand girls with azure eyes,
With coral lips and golden hair,
Are gathering hops in Bethel, Maine:
A thousand girls—divinely fair.
All day their nimble fingers work,
To gather in the leafy crop;
And since I cannot be a Turk,
Oh! how I wish I were a hop!

☞ The following notice is posted in two places in New Hartford: "I here depose and say, that I, Judge Lyman, of Lawful age did hear Martin Wilcox tell his Boys to Stone my Rooster off his Grounds, and they Stoned the Noble Bird like Stephen of Old Times, Even unto Death and he lies in my Compost heap. Somebody must pay the damage."

☞ A correspondent says: the most melancholy news has reached me concerning the health of the Empress Charlotte. There seems no hope of her recovering her reason. The other day the inmates of the Chateau de Tervueren, where she has been living lately, were thrown into the greatest consternation by her sudden disappearance. For a long time their search was in vain. At last they discovered the unfortunate Princess hidden in a distant wood close to a farm, where it appeared she had offered herself as dairy maid to the farmer's wife, who had not recognised her. What a *trisis*, terrible history is hers! Daughter of a King, an Empress, now a widow, without a throne, stealing away from a princely house to become a common servant!

☞ The Jews constitute so large and influential an element of San Francisco, that school holidays and vacations are coming to be governed by the Jewish holidays and festivals.

☞ The largest turbine water-wheel ever made in America is being built for the Fairmount water works of Philadelphia. Its diameter is ten feet three inches; weight, including the gearing, etc., about 200,000 pounds.

☞ BANCROFT AND BRUCE.—When the late Sir Frederick Bruce was asked whether he was not very much shocked and offended by Bancroft's attack on his government in the Lincoln eulogy, he replied: "Oh, no! When I go to see a savage put on his paint and dance a war dance, I am not surprised at any of his antics."

☞ It is announced that Miss Clara Louisa Kellogg has been engaged for the winter in Paris.

☞ A Mr. Linderman, of Indianapolis, fainted in a warm bath, and was suffocated, a few days ago.

☞ A wealthy Cuban recently died in New York, leaving all his property to his widow, who was his second wife. One of his sons by his first wife has now married the widow and the fortune, much to the disgust of his brothers. An action to set aside the marriage has failed.

☞ Two counties in Ohio gave tie votes in the recent election, and four others gave majorities of less than 20 for either party.

☞ Railroad communication is now complete from this city to St. Paul, Minnesota. On Monday last the last rail of the link connecting Chicago and St. Paul was laid. This link is 667 miles long.

☞ The Life-boat Association that was started in England some years ago has already saved over sixteen thousand lives.

☞ It is announced that almost all the speculating brokers of Wall street, during the last fifteen years, have been ruined in the business or have retired on fortunes no larger than they had at first. Some of them have been ruined a great many times.

☞ Up to October 10th, twelve shillings on the pound had been paid to the credit of Overend, Gurney & Co., the suspended London banking house.

☞ A woman of respectable standing in New London, Conn., cowhided her son in the public streets of that city the other day, because he refused to marry to suit her wishes.

MARRIED WELL.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC DESPONDS; THE ECHO CHEERS UP; DR. SNELL TRIUMPHS.

Of course the Grimshaws had a right to be informed of the accident which had happened in their garden; at least if the matter were not to be kept altogether secret, and if George Ewart intended to behave in the imbecile manner usually adopted by young men in his blissful position, who drop in at all hours from the country or the clouds, just to squeeze the handikin, or to muse upon the footlet, or to refresh their memories with respect to the eyebrow of the most beautiful of women. And it is not every old hypochondriac and every dutiful old Echo who would like to have under their roof a young lady engaged to be married, and therefore without much time to fulfil her other engagements. It has been said that Ewart was a fellow of considerable determination, and he therefore resolved to at once take the bull by the horns—that is to say, old Grimshaw by the button-hole (figuratively speaking, for the hypochondriac was a man with whom few ventured upon familiarities,) and his tale unfold. Accordingly, when he rose to take leave, he asked if he could speak a few words with Mr. Grimshaw alone.

Old Grimshaw led the way to his little study, closed the door behind himself and Ewart, and then said anxiously and in a low voice to the latter:

"Is it Bright's disease you want to speak about?"

"Not exactly," answered Ewart, laughing; "but nevertheless it is about a disease which is *nullis medicabilis herbis*."

"What is it, then?" asked old Grimshaw, testily.

"Plainly and briefly," answered Ewart, "I have asked Miss Finch to marry me."

"Then you're a d—d ungrateful scoundrel."

"Sir!"

"I beg your pardon for the expletive, Mr. Ewart; I forgot your cloth."

"Oh, hang the cloth and the expletive too. What do you mean, sir, by applying such terms to me?"

"Stay," said Grimshaw, with the air of one who sees a gleam of hope; "but did she accept you?"

"Yes."

"Then you *are* a—, I mean you *are* an ungrateful scoundrel."

"Explain yourself, sir!" thundered Ewart in a tone which reached the Echo, and caused her to originate a remark, on her own account of:

"Lawks! Miss Finch, whatever can they be talking about?" whilst Nelly blushed and stammered with embarrassment, and grew pale, and trembled with apprehension.

"Why, you *know* I've been better ever since she has been here; she has been my right hand and both my eyes; she makes me stuff that I can digest; she has mesmerised the *tic douloureux* almost out of me; she talks more sense and more religion than the bench of bishops; she makes me sometimes feel quite good. When I see her figure floating about, I get very nearly active again; and when I hear the sound of her voice, I fancy I could get up and dance to its music. And all for twenty pounds a year—exclusive of board, of course."

"Well, sir, well!" exclaimed Ewart, impatiently; "but why am I ungrateful? and how dare you call me scoundrel?"

"Didn't I beg of you to visit her freely?—and before I've had my bargain a year—before I've had a miserable twenty pounds' worth—in you step, and take her away. It's downright robbery."

"You must be mad," began Ewart; but old Grimshaw interrupted him, saying gravely and confidingly:

"I'm not at all sure that I'm not, my good fellow. I am extremely sorry for the terms I used—pray, forgive me. Let us shake hands, and let me tell you that, in my candid opinion, you've done a good thing for everybody concerned except me. Fancy living alone again with Mrs. Grimshaw! Oh, Heavens!" and he uttered his pitiful remark with such a comic wail, that Ewart fairly burst out laughing.

"Of course, she can't go just yet," said the hypochondriac.

"Well," rejoined Ewart, "the question was, whether she ought to remain with you under the circumstances. I have aunts who would gladly receive her until I have everything ready at my curacy, if you would object—"

"Object to a good twenty pounds' worth!" broke in old Grimshaw. "Let her stop the year, and I shall be able to say, that for once in my life I had a good twenty pounds' worth—now, do!"

"She herself said she would prefer to remain the year with you, if you thought fit to let her."

"I wish she'd make it two—I wish she'd make it two; but—oh, no; of course not; I know it's not to be thought of—still, I'd make it forty pounds instead of twenty, if—Well, well, good-night, then, and I think you've done a good day's work. Come here, of course, whenever you like; and if you find me a little grumpy at first, recollect it will soon wear off." And Ewart went his way to the friends with whom he was staying.

Old Grimshaw returned to the Echo and Nelly, and said to the former, as he waved his hand towards and bowed to the latter:

"Allow me, Mrs. Grimshaw, to introduce you to the future Mrs. Ewart."

"Future Mrs. Ewart!" duly repeated the Echo, with an intonation expressive of various emotions.

"Allow me to offer you my sincere congratulations, Miss Finch," continued old Grimshaw; and "'gratulations, Miss Finch," came audibly from the direction of the Echo.

"Though whatever we shall do without you," ejaculated the Hypochondriac; and "Do without you," repeated the Echo, in a tone which implied that she at least would be equal to the emergency.

Nelly received the congratulations with grateful smiles and silent content, took her candle, and retired to sleep the slowly coming but happy sleep of a maiden from whose heart a load has been lifted, who has begun to taste the chief of earthly joys, who lives and loves, is beloved (as she has been told,) and engaged.

The same night there was dialogue between the tasselled and the frilled night-caps.

"I knew she'd marry well," grumbled the former.

"Well!" echoed the latter.

"Yes, well," snarled the former. "Don't you know he has bought a living worth six hundred a year?"

"Six—hundred—a year!"

"Yes, he told me so; and I call that well for a girl in Miss Finch's position."

"In Miss Finch's position."

"He may have to wait some time, though; there's that to be said."

"There's that to be said."

"If *you're* not glad, for her sake, Mrs. Grimshaw, all I can say is, *I am*."

"*I am*," was repeated with some emphasis. The dialogue ceased, and soon Mrs. Grimshaw was playing her usual part of echo to her husband's masterly performance on the nasal instrument.

After a day or two, Dr. Snell called, and found that the course he had determined upon adopting for stopping Mrs. Grimshaw's bilious tongue was not required. She had experienced a great revulsion of feeling upon hearing of the marriage to be; she took quite an early-morning opportunity of showing her interest in the affair; she kissed Nelly, and begged to be treated as a mother by her, to whom she even apologized for the outburst of the day before, adding:

"I'm a stupid old woman, my dear, and I've a dreadful temper; and he is so harsh now, and he used to be so fond;" and the poor old thing fell upon Nelly's neck and wept, and Nelly wept upon her neck. The hypochondriac, on the contrary, looked discontentedly at Nelly, shook his head at her disapprovingly, and complained at breakfast that she seemed determined to make his messes nicer than ever, that he might be the more disconsolate when she had gone. But he got no sympathy when he complained to Dr. Snell. The doctor openly triumphed; told the hypochondriac many plain truths on the subjects of old age and selfishness; nearly got kicked out of the house and, on descending the stairs, encountered Nelly.

"Come, here, my dear," said he, leading the way to the little waiting-room. Nelly tripped, smilingly and blushingly expectant, after him. "Come here to me—closer—closer—that will do—there! take that!" and there was the peculiar sound most frequently heard when "dear" Emily embraces "dear" Laura, or when both are fondling "dear" Caroline's baby.

"Doctor!" cried Nelly, springing back; "why, you never took such a liberty before."

"No, but I think I shall again," said the doctor, coolly: "I like it."

"I—daresay—you—do," rejoined Nelly, archly; "but that is not the only consideration."

"Well, well," said the doctor, resignedly, "I daresay you will have enough of it now without my assistance. But let me tell you, Mrs. Ewart that will be hereafter, *I feel as if you had done me, as well as Ewart, a personal kindness.* I couldn't feel more pleased if I had brought you round from an attack of typhus."

"Don't talk of such horrid things, doctor."

"Oh, no, of course not *now*; life must be all roses *now*; cut all but the second batch of announcements from the first column of the *Times now*. But *I* can't afford to forget the first and the third, and I'm expected where they attach considerable importance to the first. So, good-bye, my dear, and—I really feel inclined to say—thank you." And, as the doctor rushed to his carriage, he muttered to himself: "She deserved to be married well; but, upon my word, when I sent that tonic in a white choker the other day, I had no idea it would produce such results—at anyrate so soon."

CHAPTER XV.

"WOO'D, AN' MARRIED, AN' A'."

"Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed steeds," and bring in night after night until the short period is accomplished between the beginning and the end of Nelly's engagement, ended only by the substitution of a closer tie. What need to dilate upon the wedding? The hypochondriac insisted upon giving the bride away, and he performed that tolerably simple duty with a groan and an air which bore witness to his strong repugnance; Augusta and Caroline Platt were in the height of glory as bridemaids (though they considered Nelly had married beneath her;) Mrs. Platt wept genially in a pew, where Dr. Snell took copious snuff; the bride looked her worst (as is usual on such occasions;) the Echo sat in a pew by herself, and performed the part to be expected of her in the matter of responses; the bridegroom looked a solemn promise never to do such a thing again; the clergyman evidently felt for them all; and the voice of the clerk was loud and cordial, and his expressive eye spoke the firmness of his pecuniary hopes. The breakfast, which took place at the Grimshaws', went off beautifully, nobody having any appetite, the champagne creating a sort of laughing-gas-hilarity, the speeches being extremely touching, and the bridemaids being dissolved in tears. At length the mystic carriage came with the mystic gray horses, and the guests prepared for the rite of throwing the mystic slipper. But, ere the bride departed, old Grimshaw begged her to walk into his study. He closed the door, and taking her affectionately by the hand, he said:

"You will think it odd, my dear, that I alone have made you no present."

"Oh, pray, sir," said Nelly, tearfully, "pray, don't, don't—"

"Do you recollect, my dear," broke in the hypochondriac, "what an argument we had once about my niece Jemima?"

"Oh, please, Mr. Grimshaw, do not allude on such an occasion—"

"My dear, I *shall* allude. Your words had more effect upon me than I chose at the time to admit; but now, if I have judged your nature rightly, I think you will value my wedding-present more than any you have received: look here!"

He drew out a parchment, at which Nelly looked, and saw that old Grimshaw had once more altered his will, and had left Jemima two thousand pounds instead of the original one.

"That," said the hypochondriac, "is my wedding-present in the shape of a tribute to your independent spirit, your sense, your love of justice, and your kind heart."

"Oh, how *very* good of you!" was all Nelly could say as she put her two hands in his, and held up her tearful face, as if asking for the kiss which he imprinted gravely and paternally, adding with a trembling voice: "And now, my child, farewell, and God be with you!"

The honeymoon was short, but oh, so sweet! Nelly was soon established in the curate's house as the curate's wife; and with love and labor amongst the poor, she was happy as the day was long. Happier still she had hopes of being, when less than a year had passed, and a welcome cry was heard from one who might some day call her mother; and on the very day when her first-born was laid in her arms, the old rector with nine toes in the grave was pronounced by the doctor to have the tenth in the same predicament.

There had been a great deal of laughing when, in deference to the strong recommendation of the hypochondriac (who growled, "Don't shout before you're out of the wood,") Nelly's own fortune of twenty pounds a year was settled "entirely" on herself (as the laughers sarcastically remarked;) and now it seemed more laughable still when Ewart had come into his living worth six hundred a year. Ah! he was a lucky man (said worldlings openly, and ecclesiastics to one another;) and there could now be little doubt but that Nelly had married well.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ The Professors of the University of Varsorin, Poland, have received instructions from the Czar of Russia to conduct the studies of the institution in the Russian language. As not one of the Professors is acquainted with the language, having been educated as Poles, they are somewhat embarrassed.

☞ The Cuba sugar crop is reported to promise an unusually bountiful yield, the fields of cane all over the island being very luxuriant. The grinding of the cane has begun in some places.

☞ Two men recently died suddenly at a Canadian tavern, after drinking a cup of coffee. The landlady called the police, who suspected her of poisoning the men. She protested she had not, and to prove the harmlessness of the coffee, drank a cup herself, when she also fell down dead. An examination of the coffee-pot showed that a bunch of matches had been boiling with the coffee.

☞ A famine in Scandinavia is among the latest misfortunes reported from Europe. Bad harvests last year caused it, and the people are asking for aid from the surrounding countries.

☞ G. A. H. Sala, the English author, attributes his bankruptcy to "heavy travelling expenses and insufficiency of income." A good many people fail from the latter cause.

☞ A girl in Romney, New Hampshire, while bathing, sank, and remained under water thirty minutes. It was twelve hours before she showed signs of consciousness, and two days before she was entirely conscious.

☞ A Maryland man, who has arrived at the ripe old age of one hundred and two years, was married a few days since to his second wife, and the couple are now on a bridal tour. What an example to the young men of this generation!

☞ Mr. Edmund Quincy, in his life of Josiah Quincy, gives the origin of the name of Point Judith, on Long Island Sound. It appears that Mr. Edmund Quincy, who died over two hundred years ago, left a daughter Judith, who married John Hull. He owned the "ill-reputed headland, the terror of all sea sick passengers," and conferred the name of his wife upon it. We wonder if there was any satire on his wife's temper concealed in the name.

☞ A man in Russia named Kursen, a member of a fanatical religious sect, lately killed his own son and offered him as a sacrifice to God. He stabbed the little boy of seven, several times in the stomach, and after he was dead fell on his knees in ecstacy, imploring God to receive the offering. After being taken to prison he resolutely refused food, and died of starvation before the sentence upon him could be executed.

☞ TO MAKE A CANDLE BURN ALL NIGHT.—When, as in case of sickness, a dull light is wished, or when matches are mislaid, put finely powdered salt on the candle, till it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept through the night by a small piece of a candle.

☞ There is an old Oxford story about a University official who had attended the University sermons for forty years, and who used to thank God that he remained a Christian still.

☞ A writer in the New York Commercial Advertiser says:—"As a rule, a newspaper topic treated at length is considered superficially, a long article being seldom a deep article. We have usually found that a continued consideration of a subject resulted in the production of a much shorter article than would have been produced on the spur of the moment. The essay gained in breadth and profundity what it lost in length. A reader may skim over two columns of diffuse, superficial writing, and not carry away from his reading any permanent impression. But a single ten-line paragraph, or a seed-sentence, may haunt his mind for weeks, arousing analogies, and suggesting ideas that ultimately materially influence his opinions."

☞ The compilers of the census for 1860, in presenting a life table of the white population of the United States, express the opinion that the average duration of human life in this country is greater than that of any other nation, and that a person ten years of age may calculate upon living forty-seven years; a person of twenty, forty-one years; one of thirty, thirty-five years; of forty, twenty-eight years; of fifty, twenty-two years, and of sixty, fifteen and one-half years.

☞ Why might Theodorous be the most primitive of monarchs? Because he is King of the ABC-nians.

☞ It is stated that the Chinese have recently adopted the practice of adulterating the spring-grown tea with the old and withered leaves of the previous season's yield. The effect is to destroy the flavor of the tea. [We thought they had always been at it.—*Ed. Post.*]

Advantages of Being Poor.

BY JOHN QUILL.

Probably there is not a poor man anywhere on the globe who don't think he would be happier if he were rich, and there are several millions of poverty-stricken human beings who are working and worrying and cheating and lying to get rich, under the erroneous impression that they can enjoy themselves better if they live in a brown-stone house, and have an incalculable number of greenbacks. If these discontented fellows knew the truth, they would understand that they possess advantages which the rich can't enjoy. In fact, I think a rich man ought to be pitied, and if any kind-hearted man would go round and relieve the poor wretches of their stamps, he would be a public benefactor. If any rich man feels distressed and wants to start a fellow on a duty of this kind, I am willing to sacrifice myself, and open out on him to any extent.

A poor man never has any taxes to pay. He can sit down and laugh the assessors to scorn, and read the big appropriations made by councils with a feeling of indescribable exhilaration, for he don't care a cent, and it makes no difference to him how much money they spend; and, this, leaving out of the question altogether his chances for the kingdom of Heaven, where he has the lead on the rich man, beside having a better chance for life. Nobody wants him to die; nobody is laying around in misery and impatience on the anxious bench, waiting for him to die, so as to absorb his funds. On the contrary, it is to the interest of the poor man's friends to preserve his life, so that his funeral expenses won't come on them, and there will be no hack-hire to pay.

A poor man, I say, can enjoy life more. He lives in a rented house, and it needn't worry him any to see it abused, and his equanimity need not be disturbed if it burns down. He can sit down and look at the charred remains, like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, and feel as cool as an acquaintance you've lent money to, and as collected as last year's rent; he needn't care a particle.

And a poor man, he can repose in the bosom of his family and know that there is no avaricious young man prowling around after any rich daughter of his, and it is a matter of rejoicing with him that there is no occasion for him to play heavy father, and hurl a parent's curse at the unnatural child who runs away, and whom he cuts off with a shilling. He would only be too glad to have a shilling to cut anything off with, or to spend. That is his particular complaint, as a general thing.

Why, an uncle of mine had a brother-in-law who was a poverty-stricken sort of a fellow, and who was never personally acquainted with a ten-dollar bill until a rich aunt left him a million, when he was so overjoyed that he drank himself into a first-class delirium tremens, and he was so much afraid that perhaps the old lady might still be alive in her grave that he spent every cent he had in building a monument to hold her down, and he was so distressed to find himself poor again that he went out and sat down under it to shed his tears, when it blew over on him and drove him six feet into the ground, and killed him. So that was all the good his money ever did him.

Besides, if you are poor you have no poor relations hovering around you and living on you, and if you are worried with curiosity you have a better chance than a rich man has of going to the poor-house, and seeing for yourself how our public charities are conducted. It's a blessed privilege, and it is vouchsafed to no human being who is cursed with a bank account.

A man in this situation is more to be envied than a boy who lived out in Donegal, Pa., and who was reared in the lap of luxury, and whose father gave him a quarter of a dollar a week for spending money. For what did this unhappy child of fortune do, but to go to a side-show in town and fall in love with the fat woman, who, so far from reciprocating his youthful affection, told him she would melt over him if he didn't leave, and then she called the door-keeper, who put him out, and didn't give him back his money at the door. This boy, I say, behaved in this scandalous manner, and then under a plea of a blighted heart, he went home and nearly brought his father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, by endeavoring to cut his throat with a table leg, and blow out his brains with a brass-nozzled bellows. Now, if this boy's father had been poor, the boy would not have had a quarter to visit the side-show, and his life would have been calm and serene.

Another thing; no poor man is ever worried by debt, for nobody will ever trust him, and when he does see a greenback he heartily enjoys it. Money falls on a rich man, he gets tired of it; but a poor man can drink it in with exhilaration. I used to know a man who had been in the depths of poverty so long that the rustle of a dollar bill would throw him into a spasm, but he was happy over it, and he said he didn't care. This was a very eccentric and singular man, and he used to remark, that one advantage he had was that when he died he would leave no money to any public charity, and then have it spent on something else, and have fighting over it, and let the lawyers work off about four-fifths of it.

He said he was never bothered with anything of this kind, and he revelled in it, and was a great deal happier than a friend of his, who no sooner made a fortune speculating in oil, and putting up tenement-houses, than he broke out all over with boils, and was never happy unless he was being cupped and bled. This man was utterly wretched, and often he would go up into his silent chamber and sit down and cry like a baby because his income was so large.

Some time ago, a wise philosopher proposed to start a society for the amelioration of the condition of the rich. Need I say that I go for the movement? Need I say that I would accept a position as president of that association, and would lend my earnest attention to impress upon the wealthy men of this community the importance of obtaining unalloyed bliss by increasing the salaries of the officers? It is hardly necessary; but in order to remove any trace of doubt in the minds of moneyed men, I would just advise them to try me.

Succotash—How the Indians Make It.

A correspondent of the Buffalo Express who has been to the annual green corn dance of the Seneca Indians, at the Tonawanda (N. Y.) Reservation, gives the following comical description of how they make and eat "succotash:"

I witnessed an hour since the process of manufacture. For the benefit of your fair readers let me give you the recipe after which it is made:

Build a frame work of green saplings and a roaring fire. Suspend from the one over the other, half-a-dozen large iron kettles, taking the trouble, for the sake of even Indian appearances, to scrape away as best you may, with fingers or shingles, the remains of last year's succotash. Half fill each pot with "squaw" corn pounded to a pulp, throw in a few quarts of all kinds of beans, and fill up with water. Allow the whole to boil until the color of the beans, the ashes blown from the fire, and the dust from the roadways render it a proper hue, and then allow it to cool. Stir in a few pounds of maple sugar, and, having furnished your guests with tin pails, give to each a gallon of the mixture. At first the process of eating consists in burying your head in the mass, but as the bottom of the pail is reached, the succotash may be poured into the hollow of the hand. That none may be lost, fingers will be found advantageous in clearing up the remnants. Should your pappooses, or what among white women answer for that pleasing production, cry for some, bury their heads in the pail. It will do them good, and keep them still.

THE LONDON ANGLO-AMERICAN TIMES in a notice of the Paris Exposition says:—"But we especially desire to call attention to the Cabinet Organs exposed by Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, of Boston, Massachusetts. These instruments are very superior. The tone produced is remarkable, and far surpasses all others that we have heard for its rich mellow quality. It pleases and surprises at the same time. It delights with its depth and body of sound, so much resembling the organ that if you did not see the instrument you would declare it a veritable pipe-organ. The tone of these instruments, unlike those of many other manufacturers, grows most favorably upon the ear. This firm have on exhibition several instruments of different styles; and, in our judgment, there is nothing manufactured on this side of the water that will equal them. We have good manufacturers in Europe, it is true, and they turn out splendid organs; but none that will compare favorably with those on exhibition by Mason & Hamlin. They carry off the palm in their line of wares."

From the Saturday Courier, N. Y. City.

NO MIDDLEMEN.—The Great American Tea Company, 31 and 33 Vesey street, are importing their teas direct, thus enabling them to supply their customers at retail at prices less than other wholesale dealers can afford to sell. The cargoes by the Golden State from Japan, and George Shotton from China—recent importations by this house—we know by personal trial, are of first quality. Those who delight in a good cup of tea, and of course all our lady readers do, should make their purchases at any one of the company's sales-rooms.

☞ Mrs. Margaret Carr bought a black cat in Pittsburgh the other day for the purpose of taking three drops of blood from it to be administered to a grandchild suffering from croup. Thereupon the old lady's neighbors raised a tumult charging her with witchcraft, and she was obliged to call on the authorities for protection. William Owens, Esq., her lawyer, brought twenty witnesses to prove that the child recovered on the moment the dose of blood was administered.

☞ It is said that the largest number of jewels owned by any private individual in the United States, is possessed by Madame La Grange, the prima donna. They are valued at more than two hundred thousand dollars.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been dull; 4500 bbls sold at from $7.50 to 8.25 for superfine; $8.50@9.50 for old stock and fresh ground extra; $10@11.50 for low grade and fancy Northwest extra family; $11@12.50 for Penna and Ohio family, and $13@14 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. 900 bbls of Rye Flour sold from $8.75@9.25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts and stocks of Wheat continue light; 3000 bus common to good red sold at $2.30@2.50; 5000 bus prime do at $2.55; 3000 do choice at $2.58@2.60, and 1000 do California at $2.05 ₩ bus. Rye; 2000 bus Penna sold at $1.70@1.75 ₩ bus, the latter rate for prime. Corn; 20,000 bus prime yellow sold at $1.42@1.43, and 27,000 do Western mixed at $1.41@1.45. Oats; 60,000 bus sold at from 70 up to 76c ₩ bus, the latter rate for choice bright.

PROVISIONS—There has been very little doing. Pork commands $22@23.50 for mess; $21 for prime do, and $19@19.50 for prime. Bacon—Sales of hams at 19@21½c; sides are taken in lots at 16½@17½c, and shoulders at 12½@14c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 17c, and shoulders, in salt, at 12½@13c. Lard—Sales of tes and bbls at 14½@14½c, and kegs at 15@16c. Butter—Sales of old at 14@20c; new at 30@35c, and roll at 20@27c. Cheese—Sales at 15@17c. Eggs sell at 27@29c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been rather dull. About 600 bales of middlings sold, in lots, at 19@20c for Uplands, and 20@21c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

FRUIT—Dried Apples sell at 8½@9½c. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 8@8½c, and halves at 9½@10½c ₩ lb. Dried Blackberries sell at 11@11½c. Pared Peaches range at from 18 to 21c ₩ lb. Green Apples sell at from $1 to $7 ₩ bbl.

IRON—Pig Iron is dull; sales of No 1 at $42@44; No 2 at $39@40; and $32@37 for Forge. Scotch Pig is quoted at $42@43 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—In Clover seed there is rather more doing; sales of 1000 bus at $6.50@9. Timothy—1000 bus sold at $3.50@3.60; and Flaxseed at $2.50@2.55.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2200 head. The prices realized from 8@8¾ cts ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $45 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 4@5½c ₩ lb. 4200 Hogs sold at from $9,50 to 10,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

PENNINGTON INSTITUTE.—23d year began August 8th. Terms reasonable. For Catalogues, address A. P. LASHER, Pennington, N. J. aug30-3m

A BOOK AGENT wanted in every town. Send stamp for catalogue or $1 for Sample book to CHARLES MEANCHES, oct19-6t 74 Bleecker Street, New York.

TRUE, BUT STRANGE.—Any person sending us their address, with 20 cents, will receive, by mail, the Name and a Carte de Visite of their future Wife or Husband. REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. oct26-3m

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BY A REPUBLICAN (not a "Radical.")

This is a 12mo., containing 116 pages, and is devoted to a calm and moderate discussion of the Suffrage Question—the author contending that the Suffrage should be Qualified, and *not* Unqualified and Universal.
Reasons are given against Universal Negro Suffrage, and also against Female Suffrage.
This work (published in June) was written before the Connecticut election of last Spring—and in it the writer gives the following

WARNING TO THE PARTY OF PROGRESS.

"In every great movement, as History warns us, it is all-important that the party of Progress should know *where to stop*. Generally, misled by zealots, they will not pause at the proper period, and thus create a Reaction, whose waves in turn sweep away not only the proofs of their folly, but much which has really been gained for the great cause of human improvement. A safe rule in such cases would seem to be, that the reformatory party should pause *when the result which they had originally aimed at was attained*.
"The Anti-slavery movement has effected its contemplated end; and the work planned in the days of sober reason being accomplished, it is now plunging into madness and folly. I warn the friends of the negro, and the negroes themselves, against the inevitable reaction which they are provoking. If they fall into the spirit of the Jacobins, and yield themselves to wild theories of the natural rights of man, and wild notions of vengeance against the Southern rebels, they will experience the fate of the Jacobins, *and go down amid the fierce surges of a popular reaction*. If they act, however, like moderate and sensible men, who are able to understand that there are other people in this country than negroes, and other interests than those relating to the freedmen, it will be well for the negroes themselves, for the Republican party, and for the country."
The Author wishes the above (and the work itself) to be read and pondered by all thoughtful men, in the light of the recent elections. Is not his Prediction coming true?
The work will be forwarded by mail (postage prepaid) on the receipt of the price, 50 cents, by the publishers, J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
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To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea Trade, we will start with the American Houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.
First: The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in the country have made their immense fortunes through their Houses in China.
Second: The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Tea.
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Fourth: On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1,000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.
Fifth: The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines, at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.
Sixth: The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.
Seventh: The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer, at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.
Eighth: The Retailer sells it to the Consumer, for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.
When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.
We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.
By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in the city.
Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, as soon in the Club Order published below, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members can divide equitably among themselves.
Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.
Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the CLUB. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.
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We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 20 days, and have the money refunded.
The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS:

OOLONG (Black), 75c., 80c., 100., best $1 ₩ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 70c., 90c., $1., best $1 ₩ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₩ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green), $1 25, best $1 50 ₩ lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.
Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.
Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

CLUB ORDER.
Edwards, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., June 3, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, N. Y.
DEAR SIRS:—I herewith send you another order for Tea. The last was duly received, and gives general satisfaction. As long as you send us such good Tea, you may expect a continuation of our patronage. As a further evidence that the subscribers were satisfied, you will observe that I send you the names of all those that sent before who were out of Tea, with a large addition of new subscribers. Accept my thanks for the complimentary package. Ship this as the other, and oblige. Your ob't servant, DAVID C. McKEE.

4 lbs.	Japan	J. Havens.	at $1 25	$5 00
5 do	do	do	at 1 00	5 00
1 do	Gunpowder	do	at 1 30	1 30
1 do	Japan	S. Curtis.	at 1 25	1 25
2 do	Young Hyson	do	at 1 00	2 00
1 do	Japan	N. Shaw	at 1 40	1 40
1 do	Young Hyson	do	at 1 10	1 00
3 do	do	R. McCarren	at 1 25	3 75
2 do	Green	do	at 1 25	2 50
4 do	do	Wm. Barraford	at 1 25	5 00
1 do	Gunpowder	A. H. Perkins	at 1 30	1 50
and 10 others—total				$61 55

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (*beside the Express charges*), by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."
BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *base* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.
POST-OFFICE orders and drafts make payable to the order of The Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.,
NEW YORK.
Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
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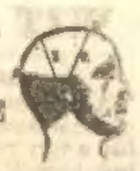

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.
Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-ly

628. HOOP SKIRTS 628.
Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Gore Trails, which for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness, are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.
Wholesale and Retail at Manufactory and Salesroom, No. 628 ARCH St.
Catalogue corrected monthly of Sizes, Styles, and Prices at Retail sent to any address.
nov24-1y WM. T. HOPKINS.

TEN DOLLARS.
$10. SEWING MACHINE. $10.
$25 to $50 A DAY TO AGENTS.
PATENTED 1860. *Territorial rights given free to good Agents.* It is the largest, best, and strongest cheap machine sold. It makes a seam which will not rip, THOUGH EVERY THIRD STITCH BE CUT. No family should be without one. The only $10 Sewing Machine sold that will sew heavy beaver cloth. Sent free by express on receipt of price, $10, packed in a wooden box with 1 spool machine silk, 1 silver hemmer, 1 screw-driver, and 1 brass gauge. Agents wanted everywhere.
EMPRESS SEWING MACHINE CO.,
oct19-tf 920 Broadway, New York.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

WINTER TIME, TAKING EFFECT OCT. 13th, 1867.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the Market Street Cars, the last car connecting with each train leaving Front and Market Streets thirty minutes before its departure. The Chestnut and Walnut Street cars run within one square of the Depot.
ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.
SLEEPING CAR TICKETS can be had on application at the Ticket Office, North-West corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets, and at the Depot.
AGENTS OF THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and deliver baggage at the Depot. Orders left at No. 901 Chestnut Street or No. 1 South Eleventh Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	8.00 A.M.
FAST LINE AND ERIE EXPRESS	12.00 M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	10.00 P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	2.30 "
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION	4.00 "
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5.00 "
WESTERN ACCOM. TRAIN	5.45 "
ERIE MAIL	11.15 "
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	8.00 "
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11.15 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	9.00 "
ACCOMMODATION	12.00 "

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.
Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.
THE WESTERN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK, Agent 137 Dock Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.10 A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10 "
ERIE MAIL	3.05 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	8.20 "
FAST LINE	8.05 "
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.40 "
LANCASTER TRAIN	1.10 P.M.
ERIE EXPRESS	1.10 "
DAY EXPRESS	6.20 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	7.10 "
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	9.30 "

For further information, apply to
JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 901 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.
The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.
EDWARD H. WILLIAMS,
ap7-tf *Gen'l. Sup., Altoona, Pa.*

PRINCE & COS.
AUTOMATIC ORGANS
AND MELODEONS.
Forty thousand are now in use
BUFFALO, N.Y. CHICAGO, ILL.
aug24-6m

$100 A MONTH SALARY will be paid for Agents, male or female, in a new, pleasant, permanent business; full particulars *free* by return mail, or sample retailing at $4.50 for 50 cents. A. D. BOWMAN & CO., 68 Broad Street, New York. [Clip out and return this notice.] oct12-3m

EMPLOYMENT!—$10 A DAY AND EXPENSES PAID. Circulars *free*. O. T. GAREY, Biddeford, Me. oct26-2m

WANTED—Salesmen to Travel and sell Goods by sample. Good wages and steady employment. Address, with stamp, HAMILTON, PERRY & CO., oct5-3m Cleveland, Ohio.

250 VALUABLE RECEIPTS, BEAUtiful arts, ways to make money, new discoveries, choice secrets, &c., sent free for 3 cents. Address HARRISON & CO., oct26-3m Vernon, New Jersey.

WHISKERS!—A heavy Beard is warranted in five weeks by using Russell's Italian Compound. Sent closely sealed from curious eyes for 50 cents. RUSSELL & CO., Watertown, New York. oct19-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

How He Had Him.

A man named Wells kept a tavern in one of our Western villages, but though his house had a very good name, it was more than he had himself; for it was surmised by his neighbors that he used a great deal of fodder, corn, etc., for which he never gave an equivalent, though it had never been clearly proved upon him. Early one morning he was met by an acquaintance, named Wilkes, as he was driving before him a heifer, which he had most probably *borrowed* from some farmer.

"Halloo, Wells! where did you get the heifer?" cried Wilkes.

"Bought her of Colonel Stevens," was the unhesitating reply.

"What did you pay for her?"

"Twenty dollars," said Wells, as he hurried on.

About an hour afterwards, as Wilkes was sitting in Wells's bar-room, Colonel Stevens entered. After a few minutes' conversation, Wilkes said—

"A fine animal that you sold Wells?"

"I don't understand you; I never sold Wells any animal."

"Didn't you? Why, I met him this morning with a heifer, which he said he bought of you for twenty dollars."

"He did, eh? Well, since he said so, he has got to pay me for her," said Stevens.

Wells entered soon after, and Stevens, stepping up to him, said—

"Come, Wells, I'll trouble you for the money for that heifer; it was a cash bargain, you know?"

"I never bought any heifer from you."

"Don't you remember you bought one of me for twenty dollars? Here's Wilkes can prove it."

"No, he can't," said Wells.

"You told me so this morning," said Wilkes.

A curious expression passed over Wells's face; he felt himself cornered; he had either to tell where he got the animal, or lose twenty dollars; and thinking it not safe for him to do the first, he pulled out his wallet, counting out the money, and handing it to Stevens, saying—

"So I did—so I did. I had forgotten all about it; you must excuse me."

No Stamp On It.

A good joke came off quite recently at a court house. A person living a short distance out of the village is in the habit of frequently coming into town and drinking to inebriation. At such seasons he sees his honor, Judge M——. Recently, he made one of his visits, became decidedly tipsy, called upon Judge ——, and desired the Judge to write him a pledge, asserting his intention to cease drinking. His honor wrote the pledge, as desired, and the tipsy individual affixed his name thereto. He then desired to have the pledge that he might take it home and exhibit it to his wife. His honor thought he himself was the proper custodian of the important agreement, but yielded to the solicitations of the man, at the same time assuring him that if he broke the contract, and appeared before him again in a state of intoxication, he would have him locked up. A week elapsed and the Judge was confronted by the same man, as tipsy as aforetimes. "How is this?" said his honor, "did I not tell you I would have you locked up if you did not keep your agreement?" "Judge M——," said the tipsy fellow, "do you think I am a fool? I know what I am about. I'll show you if I am a fool!" and he drew forth his wallet from his pocket, took out his pledge, unfolded its worn creases, and holding it up triumphantly, exclaimed, "Will you just show me the United States Internal Revenue stamp on that agreement?" The Judge caved.

Old-Time Humor.

Everybody who remembers Boston thirty years ago, will recollect the hat store of Col. Messinger, (father of the present alderman, George W. Messinger,) on Washington street. It is related that two of his apprentices, Sol and Ben, one summer, coveted the fruit of Colonel Roulstone's beautiful pear-trees, in the next enclosure, which was surrounded by a very high fence. Ben says to Sol, "I should like a few of those nice pears; how can we get them?" "Easy enough," says Sol; "fetch me your fishing-pole." The pole was brought, and after attaching one of the knives used for cutting fur from the beaver-skins, together with a small bag to drop the fruit in, the robbery was completed. Colonel Roulstone saw the whole transaction, but the boys were not aware of it. The next day the Colonel's little girl called on Ben, and asked him to lend her papa the pole that he had used to steal his pears with. Ben of course appealed to Sol, who answered, "I think we had better let him have it." When the new machine was returned, it gave so much satisfaction that the little girl said, "Pa sends his compliments, and wants to know if you will please to lend him your pole next year after you have done stealing his pears?"

EXTINGUISHING A PIG.—An Irishman being on a visit to some relatives a little more polished than himself, was requested, on going to bed, to be careful to *extinguish* the candle; he was obliged to ask the meaning of the word, when he was told it was to put it out. He treasured up the term, and one day when he was sitting at home in his cabin with his wife, enjoying his pratics and buttermilk, on the pig unceremoniously walking in, he said (proud of his bit of learning)—

"Judy, dear, will you extinguish the pig?"

"Arrah, then, Pat, honey, what do you mane?" inquired Judy.

"Mussha, then, you ignorant cratur," replied Pat, "it manes put him out, to be sure."

PREVARICATION.—Jack N., a Simon Pure Yankee, was recently examined in an important case in a Western court. Counsel found it extremely difficult to extract the whole truth from him, his ingenuity and ignorance combined enabling him to evade the question. At last the lawyer, losing patience, exclaimed, "Why, Mr., do you prevaricate so much?" Jack, supposing he referred to his peculiar manner of utterance, convulsed the court and audience by replying indignantly, "How can a feller help prevaricating, when he has *lost three of his front teeth?*"

POOR PET!

"James, you've put no sugar in Monarch's bread and milk to-day! You see, he can't touch it!"

Kind Inquiries.

Cousin Kate was a sweet, wide-awake beauty of about seventeen, and she took it into her head to go down on Long Island to see some relations of hers who had the misfortune to live there. Among these relations there chanced to be a young swain who had seen Kate on a previous occasion, and seeing, fell deeply in love with her. He called at the house on the evening of her arrival, and she met him on the piazza, where she was enjoying the evening air in company with two or three of her friends.

The poor fellow was so bashful that he could not find his tongue for some time. At length he stammered out:

"How's your mother?"

"Quite well, thank you."

Another silence on the part of Josh, during which Kate and her friends did the best they could to relieve the monotony. After waiting about fifteen minutes for him to commence to make himself agreeable, he again broke the silence by—

"How's your father?" which was answered much after the same fashion as the first one, and then followed another silence like the other.

"How's your father and mother?" again put in the bashful lover.

"Quite well, both of them." This was followed by an exchange of glances and a suppressed smile.

This lasted some ten minutes more, during which Josh was fidgeting in his seat and stroking his Sunday hat. But at length another question came—

"How's your parents?"

This produced an explosion that made the woods ring.

AGRICULTURAL.

Working Oxen by the Head.

Some time since we published a statement of a teamster who said that oxen yoked by the head would do more work and do it easier than those yoked in our ordinary way. We find a very different opinion expressed in a communication to the Western Ruralist. The writer says:—

"I have had a good deal of practice in working oxen. In 1853 I was lumbering on the Pacific coast, one hundred and fifty miles from the entrance to the harbor of San Francisco. We had eighty yoke of Spanish and American cattle, drawing logs to the mill and lumber to the landing. We had several men who claimed that the Spanish way of yoking was the best. To test the matter, I had a yoke, Spanish fashion, hitched to a log, which, after repeated trials, they could not draw. I then had them unyoked and yoked Yankee fashion. At the first pull the chain gave way, but at the second trial they drew the log several rods. I put them on the road, where the fact was demonstrated that one pair, with the yoke and bows, was equal to two yoke with the timber strapped to their heads.

"In no case would the people use the stick, after we had broken their cattle to our yoke. Ask one of them the reason, and the reply would be that the stick was no good. I broke sixteen yoke in the winter of 1853, and could have had thrice as many, if I could have attended to them.

"This plan of working cattle with the stick fastened to the head is a cruel way. They cannot take advantage of a heavy load; they cannot turn their heads in either way; they cannot fight their cruel tormentors, the flies, and there are many other disadvantages. I am satisfied the yoke and bows are far superior to the Spanish way, and how any sane man can recommend such an outlandish mode of working oxen is more than I can comprehend. E. R. M."

An Out-Door Cellar.

It is very unwise to store a large quantity of vegetables in the cellar of a farm-house, even if it is of sufficient capacity. In the latter part of the winter there will be some decay, and nothing can be more detrimental to health than living over a mass of decaying vegetable matter. But few cellars are large enough to hold the products of the farm that requires winter storage. As we devote more attention to the economical feeding of stock, the necessity of good root cellars will be felt more seriously. Carrots, beets, parsnips, cabbage, and the like, require cellar room. A sandy hillside is the best place for making a cellar, as in this situation good drainage is secured, as well as easy access. A good cellar, however, can be made in any place where the water will not be within three or four feet of the surface. Especial pains must be taken to secure good drainage. Dig down as far as drainage will allow, and throw the earth back to be used in banking up. If rough stones are to be had, they are best for the walls; if not, posts and planks will answer. A strong ridge pole is necessary, which must be supported by posts. Bank up the sides with earth, and plank the roof, and cover with straw or leaves, over which rough boards, or something of the kind must be placed to prevent blowing up. An easy entrance should be made at the front by digging down the earth in a gradual slope; and as this part will be exposed to the weather, it should be made double; and if of boards, filled between with straw. Where stone is used, a space for air is sufficient.—*Michigan Farmer.*

Road Sand.

The sand obtained from turnpikes, or roads macadamized with any sort of stones like granite, hard blue stones, very difficult to break and pulverize, has a peculiar value. The grinding of such rocks or stones under the iron-rimmed wheels of wagons, the wear of horse shoes, and the mixture of this ground rock with the manure scattered along the roads—produces a compound which is found to be highly acceptable to trees and plants. The granite rock, we know, is rich in potash and silicia; but it is not these elements alone which give this road sand its peculiar value. By the process of grinding and triturating inert substances, such as oyster-shells, charcoal, quicksilver, we develope medicinal and other virtues which these substances do not possess in their crude form. And so it is supposed to be with road sand. By the constant grinding and triturating of the iron-bound wheels and horses' shoes, the comminuted granite becomes prepared for the use of plants; and when this road sand is mixed with the compost heap and saturated with liquid manure, it is found to help the efficacy of the compost in a remarkable manner. Under the influence of road sand of this kind alone, it is said that when applied to lawns, white clover is sure to spring up in the greatest abundance and luxuriance where it had never been seen before.—*Dr. J. S. Houghton, in Gardener's Monthly.*

Fences.

The materials and labor required to build and keep fences in repair are among the heavy items of farm expense. The cost of the land on which they stand is another item on which J. Harris, of Rochester, discourses as follows in the American Agriculturist:—

How much land does an old-fashioned fence occupy? I have always thought it took up a good deal of land, but never had the curiosity to measure. But this summer we have been building a stone wall along the whole west side of the farm, and after it was completed, and the old fence removed, I was surprised at the quantity of land we had gained. The ground, of course, might have been ploughed closer to the fence, but taking the case as it actually was, the old rail fence, with stones, weeds, rubbish, &c., occupied a strip of land one rod wide. A field, 31 rods long and 31 rods wide, contains about six acres. If surrounded by such a fence, it would occupy a little over three quarters of an acre of land. A farm of 160 acres so fenced would have twenty acres of land taken up in this worse than useless manner. Not only is the use of the land lost, but it is, in the majority of cases, a nursery of weeds, and, in ploughing, much time is lost in turning, and the headlands and corners are seldom properly cultivated.

Items.

The Prairie Farmer says that one pint of strained honey mixed with two gallons of water, will make excellent vinegar, after standing three weeks.

It is reported that an agricultural society, somewhere in the state of New York, offers larger premiums for butter and cheese than it does for horse-racing. Doubtful.

A new grass is springing up in the southern states. It appears to be a dwarf clover, is very thick set, covering the earth with a beautiful carpet of green. It is much relished by cattle, and is a complete exterminator of Bermuda, joint, sedge, and other grasses. In Middle Georgia it is very abundant and is attracting much attention.

Weevils in Granaries.

Some years since, accident discovered to a French farmer a very simple and efficient method of preventing, or rather destroying this insiduous pest in corn and grain houses.

Happening to deposit, in one corner of a building in which there was stored a quantity of grain, a few sheep skins from which the wool had not been pulled, he found, upon examining them a few days after, that they were literally covered with dead weevils. The experiment was repeated, and always with the same result.

On stirring the corn, (wheat, probably,) he was surprised to find that although previous infested to a degree that forbid all hope of saving it from immediate destruction by this pertinacious foe, not a single insect was to be found among it. The experiment is certainly worth trying. Instead of the sheep skins, which are quite valuable, we might substitute those of the woodchuck, who is increasing to an inconvenient and expensive extent. What killed the weevils, whether the fatty matter on the skin, or something else, we have not been able to learn. At any rate, let us try the woodchuck skins.

A USEFUL HINT.—A subscriber writes as follows:—"A tin tube made like a syphon, driven into the vent of a barrel of wine, or cider, and the other end inserted into a vial of water, will prevent the air from entering the barrel, while the gas escapes through the water. Make the barrel otherwise tight. When the cider or wine in the barrel is done working, the water in the bottle will cease bubbling. It requires no filling up, and there is no loss. I have tried it." We will only add that it can be made by any tin plate worker, and when once made can always be kept for future use.

RECEIPTS.

SQUIRREL SOUP.—Cut up two young squirrels, and put them in a pot with five quarts of cold water. Season with salt and pepper. Let them boil until the meat is very well done, and remove it from the liquor, and cut it up into small pieces. Put in the soup a quarter of a pound of butter mixed with a little flour, and a pint of cream. Throw in the cut meat, and just before you serve it add the beaten yolks of two eggs and a little parsley. Chicken soup is nice made in the same way, with the addition of a pint of green corn cut from the cob, and put in when it is half done.

OYSTER SOUP.—Strain the liquor from two quarts of oysters, add to it an equal quantity of water. Put it on to boil, and skim it. Then throw in a little white pepper, a head of celery cut in small pieces, and a third of a pound of butter with two teaspoonsfuls of flour rubbed in it. Boil it five minutes longer, and put in the oysters and a pint of cream, and after one more boil pour into the tureen, in which have some toasted bread cut in dice, and a little finely-cut parsley.

PERDREAUX EN PAPILLOTES.—Divide two brace of partridges down the backs; toss them in butter until they are three parts done; take them up; put into the butter four shallots, a few parsley leaves, and mushrooms, all chopped up; toss these; dredge them with flour; moisten them with white wine; add salt and pepper, and reduce all together until it forms a kind of forcemeat; lay some of this upon the partridges; surround each bird with very thin slices of bacon fat, and envelope them in sheets of buttered paper; grill them upon a clear, but not fierce fire, and when done serve in the cases.

PERDREAUX A LA CHIPOLATA.—Cut up a brace, or leash, of partridges; add to them some small bits of fat bacon, and toss both for a minute or two in butter; take them up, dredge flour into the pan; let it brown; dilute it with equal parts of white wine and gravy; replace the birds and the bacon; add some small onions, little sausages, a bunch of herbs, salt, pepper, and some mushrooms; simmer it till perfectly tender, and place all together in a dish decorated with small sippets of fried bread.

DAMSON CHEESE.—Bake or boil the fruit in a stone jar in a saucepan of water, or on a hot hearth. Pour off some of the juice, and to every two pounds of fruit weigh half a pound of sugar. Set the fruit over the fire in the pan, let it boil quickly till it begins to look dry, then take out the stones and add the sugar; stir it well in, and simmer two hours slowly, then boil it quickly, for half an hour, till the sides of the pan candy. If the skins be disliked, then the juice is not to be taken out (as described above,) but after the first process the fruit is to be pulped through a very coarse sieve with the juice, and managed as above. Some of the stones should be cracked and the kernels boiled in the jam. All the juice may be left in and boiled till it evaporates, but do not add the sugar till it has done so. It looks well in shapes for dessert.

ANOTHER.—½lbs. of sugar to 1 lb. damsons. Put the fruit on the fire with a very little water to soften it; then pass it through a sieve when all juice and pulp are separated from the stones and skins. The pulp and sugar must boil till quite thick.

FLAVOR FOR SOUP.—Try celery seed for flavoring soup. The concentration of flavor in celery and cress seed is such, that half a drachm of it finely pounded, or double the quantity if not ground or powdered, will impregnate half a gallon of soup with almost as much relish as two or three heads of the fresh vegetable. This valuable acquisition to the soup kettle deserves to be universally known.

CEMENT FOR BOTTLES.—Equal parts of rosin and brick-dust pounded fine, and some beeswax, stewed together. Or, melted pitch and rosin, and dip in cold water after sealing. Or, equal parts of rosin and Spanish brown, and half the quantity of beeswax; melt all together.

☞ The Hon. Galusha Grow said in one of his speeches during the Pennsylvania election canvass: "It has been said by an old writer: 'Let me write the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes their laws.' So I say to you, let me appoint your judges, and I care not who frame your laws!"—[And *we* say, let us write the editorials of the American people, and we will at the same time make the laws.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.
My 2, 24, 20, 16, 29, is a very useful animal.
My 20, 14, 7, is a kind of grain.
My 9, 26, 12, 12, 31, 19, is a girl's name.
My 1, 21, 10, 26, 23, 22, is a vegetable.
My 11, 18, 15, 8, is one of the United States.
My 4, 5, 20, 26, 31, 12, is a county in Ohio.
My 14, 3, 26, 29, is a division of time.
My 25, 27, 15, 12, 17, is a river in Georgia.
My 9, 26, 14, 13, 17, 17, 13, 6, 15, 28, 32, 18, is a town in North Carolina.
My 30, 31, 5, 4, 15, 12, is a musical instrument.
My whole is a Bible saying. H. K. D.
Havana, Ohio.

Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A city in Spain.
A tree.
The name of one of Miss Mulock's heroines.
A color.
A king of the Jews.
My whole is a noted lecturer. LESLIE.

Double Rebus.

An adverb of time.
A female name.
Where coals come from.
A tree or a foreign fruit.
A useful article, essential to our comfort.
A measure.
A large river.
A denial.
The initials form the name of a great general, and the finals a battle at which he fought. IVY GREEN.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A, B, and C, can build a house in 20 days; B, C, and D, in 24 days; C, D, and A, in 30 days; and A, B, and D, in 36 days. They all commence the job together—but after 10 days A ceased working, 2 days afterward B ceased, and at the end of the 18th day C ceased also. In what time would D finish the job? WM. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The fore and hind wheels of a carriage are 4 and 5 feet in height respectively; the hubs are 8 feet from centre to centre, sighting over the tops of the wheels what is the variation from the horizon, the carriage standing on level ground?
JOSEPH S. PHEBUS.
Nebraska City, Nebraska.

Puzzle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I wish to plant an orchard of nine straight rows, and five trees in each row; and the orchard is to contain only nineteen trees.
Richmond, Ky. J. W. C.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? Ans.—One longs to eat, and the other eats too long.

☞ Why is fire paradoxical? Ans.—Because the more its cooled the hotter it gets.

☞ Why is ambition like a weathercock? Ans.—Because it is a vain and glittering thing to a-spire.

☞ "Can a musician execute a piece of music before he gets the hang of it?" "Yes—he can stabat mater."

Advantages of Truth-Telling.

There was once a baronet whose title was bestowed upon him by George IV. (if he had made him a gentleman as well as a baronet one would have believed in the divine right of kings,) a gross, rude, ignorant man, but whose money grew and grew like a snowball (except that it never melted,) and it was all his own, both to hold and leave behind him. Now, this man had a certain slave, his nephew, who bore with his black looks, his biting words, his cruel caprices as long as Jacob toiled for Leah, expecting to get Rachel. Seven years of bondage, and at the end of them this reward—Sir Plutus, shaking his own fat sides with mocking laughter, made him the confidant of *his approaching marriage*. The wretched young man, driven by these tidings to despair, and writhing under the immediate lash of his uncle's scorn, determined—like some criminal condemned to die upon the morrow, who sups *en prince*—to enjoy himself for one brief quarter of an hour, come what might. So he told Sir Plutus *what he thought of him*, without softening a single adjective, or picking out delicate synonyms for his nouns. Heliogabalus (for the baronet was a great eater,) always accustomed to dainty dishes, and a total stranger to plain food of this sort, literally choked with indignation, fell into a fit upon the spot, and died. Sir Scatteronah (the nephew, and one of the last occupants, by-the-by, of the King's Bench Prison) used always to speak of this incident (which gave him ten thousand a year,) with pathetic regret: "I might have saved myself seven years of slavery—for my uncle was always of that full habit—by telling the truth at once."

A LIMITED CIRCLE.—When the celebrated Lord Castlereagh was stopping once to change horses at some very poverty-stricken post-station in Ireland, his carriage was surrounded by beggars who implored him in all the eager accents of native entreaty for a charity. Taking no notice of their appeals, he sat cold and unmoved until the horses were ready to start, when a very miserable looking fellow approached the carriage, and said in a voice of persuasive entreaty, "One sixpence, my lord—only one little sixpence, and it will treat *all* your friends in Ireland!" —*Blackwood's Magazine for September.*